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William Whateley.

Inner Temp.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

MRS. DARWALL.

VOL. I.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

MRS. DARWALL.

(Formerly Miss Whateley)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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CON-

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

	PAGE.
Invocation	5
Lines, occasioned by seeing a beautiful Print of the River Clyde	14
An Epistle to a Friend	19
To a Friend, on her recovery from Sickness	26
Invitation to the same, in Winter	29
Delia to Philander	34
Sonnet to the Moon	39
Hymn to Plutus	41
To Mr. F—— on his Marriage	45
Song, adapted to a favourite Gavot of Avison's	48
Lines occasioned by seeing the Cold Bath, at Hockley Abbey, near Birmingham	50
To Mr. and Mrs. F—— on seeing the pleasure Grounds at Hockley Abbey	53

Lines

CONTENTS.

Lines suggested in a Grotto at the same place 56

Suggested while sitting on a Turf Seat, at the same place 58

On hearing a Blackbird sing early in March 60

Ode, respectfully inscribed to a young Nobleman, on his return from his Travels 62

Sonnet to a Rose 66

The Song of the Sisters of Ivar 68

Address, spoken by Miss MELLON on her Benefit Night, at the Theatre, Walsall 75

Address, spoken by Mrs. NUNNS, on her first appearance at the Theatre, Edinburgh 78

Impromptu—on being requested to write some Verses 81

Valentine's Day 83



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THE TRIUMPH

OF

LIBERAL SENTIMENT,

(ADDRESSED TO MRS. DARWALL)

Written by the Rev. Dr. BOOKER, on perusing her Poems.

FIRST, unarraign'd, tyrannic man confin'd
In chains of ignorance the female mind.
Jealous of glory, for himself alone
The torch of science and of learning shone:
No kindling ray, no soft inspiring light
Cheer'd hapless woman's dark Egyptian night.

As

As sleeps the diamond's lustre in the mine,
Her bright perfections were forbade to shine;
Till LIB'RAL THOUGHT chas'd error's mists away,
And call'd thoſe bright perfections into day;
Forc'd prejudice, enlighten'd, to declare
Her mind exalted as her form is fair;
Hurl'd from his throne despotic custom down,
That deem'd the sex a barrier to renown;
That long forbade, in arts or tuneful lays,
"Heav'n's last—best—gift" to share the meed of
praise.

Bless'd revolution!—If this baleful pow'r
Still ſway'd the arts, and, from the Muſes' bow'r,
Doom'd each fair vot'ress far in wilds to stray,
Uncheer'd, unbless'd, by science' heav'nly ray;—
A fruit-

A fruitful waste had been the female mind,

And DACIER's talents ne'er had bleſs'd mankind;

A MONTAGUE, great SHAKESPEARE's sacred name

Ne'er rescu'd from vile satire's* envious blame:

A SEWARD's genius ne'er had soar'd sublime,

Nor thine, O DARWALL! had beam'd forth in rhyme;

Or thy sweet strains, in those unhallow'd days,

Had flow'd unheeded, or have wak'd no praise,

So pours the nightingale, in deserts drear,

Its song melodious to no list'ning ear;

The zephyrs bear it to some neighb'ring shore,

And its soft murmurs soon are heard no more.

* VOLTAIRE.

But happier times thy gentle muse await,
And thy sweet strains ſhall meet a happier fate;—
Shall, as with rapture they the bosom fire,
Give fame immortal to thy tuneful lyre.

POEMS.

INVOCATION.

DESCEND, fair nymph of birth divine,
Fav'rite of the tuneful nine,
Bright Imagination! come;
Deign to make this breast thy home.
Come from Pindus' sacred shades,
Leave the chaste Aonian maids;
Come, and from Castalia's spring
Streams of inspiration bring.
Expand thy wings o'er my discordant lyre,
And make my bosom glow with true Pierian fire.

Let

Let me explore yon magic cell,—
(Since there th'áérial power delights to dwell)
Scoop'd, where a tall rock's rugged brow
Frowns on the smiling meads below;
Adown whose steep and craggy side,
With cadence deep, a foaming tide,
Impetuous, rushes to embrace
A river, which, with silent pace,
Along the fruitful vale meand'ring strays,
Serene as summer gales, and mild as Cynthia's rays.

And see! the goddess, from her native skies,
Downwards bends her trackless flight,
Where, queen of isles, Britannia lies,
Guarded by rocks grotesque and white.

With

With her, an endless train of hopes and fears,
Heart-rending doubts, soul-melting tears,
Heroic ardors, dire alarms,
'Mid streams of gore and glitt'ring arms,
In forms fantastic beat the yielding air,
And to the grot attend the heav'n-born fair.

I know the power, I know the place,
By vestiges which time can ne'er efface.
Immortal SHAKESPEARE, in that grot reclin'd,
With eye that pierc'd thro' nature's thickest veil,
From whose keen glance art cou'd no thought conceal,
Felt heav'nly ardors burst upon his mind.

The goddess wav'd her potent wand;—
Around his couch, with terror-striking pow'r,

Arose

Arose the dreadful incorporeal band,
Whilst from his brows distill'd the copious shower.

There brave OTHELLO hugs th'envenom'd dart,
That from his bleeding heart
Tore fond affection, beauty, and fair truth:
There ROMEO, bent by stern misfortune's hand,
Baniſh'd from JULIET and his native land,
Presses th'untimely bier in the gay bloom of youth.

Behold, with quiv'ring lip, unsteady gait,
And starting hair, the pious DANE advance,
To question the perturbed royal ghost,
Returning nightly from the dreary coaſt
Of penal flames!—O! mark that maniac glance,
And own the hand that limn'd each line so true,
Cou'd copy nature,—and direct her too.

From

From day's fair light retir'd, in solemn state,
Behold three female forms,
Too delicately fram'd to brave the storms
That on mankind in public life await.
But, wounded by oppression's ruthless dart,
The softer passions fly the gentlest heart.
The rage of injur'd CONSTANCE we revere,
And cruel MARG'RET's woes impel the frozen tear;
Whilst mild ELIZABETH assails the breast
With grief too deep, too ſtrong to be expreſs'd.

Around the tyrant RICHARD's blood-ſtain'd bed
Th'avenging Furies ſtalk,— terrific band!
And, iſſuing from the numerous graves he fed,
In horrid forms the grizly ſpectres ſtand.

Peace from his breast,—sleep from his pillow flies,
And, raging with remorseless guilt, he dies.

On the drear blasted heath,
Behold MACBETH!
Attended by th'unhallow'd wayward crew;
His cheek, now flush'd with hopes, now chill'd with fears,
Now shudd'ring and dismay'd the Thane appears,
Now grasps the airy scepter glitt'ring in his view.

With brain unhing'd by base ingratitude,
Weath'ring th'impetuous storm, and bleak blast rude,
There wretched LEAR arrests the pitying eye;
'Reav'd of attendant vassals idly gay,
Philosophising grief's keen pang away,
His error moves our blame, his woes demand a sigh.

By like

By like ingratitude betray'd,
There hapless GLO'STER's eyeless shade,
Seeking the craggy cliff's stupendous brow,
Chills the warm blood, suspends the vital pow'r:
Whilst EDGAR's wrongs awake our gen'rous ire,
His well-dissembled madness we admire,
And o'er his suff'rings shed the sympathetic show'r.

In moon-light soft, behold the Fairy train,
Tripping, with printless step, the dewy plain
In many a mazy round,—by vulgar eye
Unseen,—unheard their airy minstrelsy,
Save by the Muse-rapt ear;—whilst lover's vows,
Num'rous as blades of grass, or leaves on boughs,
Are plighted, broke, renew'd, and broke again,
As PUCK,* in wanton frolic shall ordain.

Still

* *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Still let the changeful youth adopt this scheme,
And call his forfeit vows a fairy dream.

There the fifth HENRY, (name to Britons dear)
Stifling the noble ardors of his soul,
Yielding to uncurb'd youth the wild career,
With recreant FALSTAFF quaffs the midnight bowl;—
Retorts the ribald jest with poignant wit;
The quip, quirk, repartee's incessant roll,
Make the proud Cynic to mirth's sway submit.

See, at Herne's oak, or on Salopia's plain,
The boastful Knight his wonted part sustain
With broad unblushing front;—whilst fat and fair,

With

With gouty foot on stool, in easy chair,
Humour sits laughing at each sportive strain.

Goddess! thy influence I invoke no more:
I feel my pow'rs unequal to the task;—
Too feeble thro' thy boundless heights to soar:
Give me, thy Shakespeare's beauties to explore;
'Tis all I ask.

And, far from Avon's sacred stream,
Let me indulge the pleasing dream
In some lone dell, from public haunts remov'd;—
With reverential awe, at distance view
Thy favor'd sons,— the chosen few,
By Science nurs'd, and by the Muses lov'd.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A BEAUTIEUL PRINT

OF THE

RIVER CLYDE.

GIVE me to range with mind serene
The heath-clad hills, the pastures green,
That deck the sweetly-varied side
Of Errick's boast, romantic CLYDE:
Where, by the mould'ring gothic tow'rs,
The rapid stream resistleſs pours
Thro' rocky chasms, wild and rude,
In all the pomp of solitude.

Fair

Fair stream! I trace thee thro' the meads,
Where bleating flocks, and shepherd's reeds,
And every warbler of the wood,
Pay their glad tribute to thy flood.

Well pleas'd I see the rural lass,
Bleaching her web upon the grass,
Or, bending o'er thy lucid wave,
From ev'ry soil her linen lave;
Whilst blithe she carols many a lay
Of Tiviot's banks, or winding Tay.

Now, from thy varied scenes so bland,
I turn to views august and grand,
Where Glasgow's sacred fanes arise,
And point our wishes to the skies.

See, on the bosom of the stream,
Illum'd with Cynthia's trembling beam,
Inverted edifices lie,
With all the glories of the sky.

Enraptur'd with the scene, I lay
Where Tame his gently-winding way
Steals thro' the osier-fringed vales,
Fann'd by soft zephyr's balmy gales;
When (deeply musing) Morpheus shed
His magic influence round my head,
And fancy form'd the pleasing dream:—
Methought a Naiad from the stream
Arose; loose flow'd her sea-green vest,
An amber clasp adorn'd her breast;

Her pearly brow, her coral lip,
Whence Venus' doves might nectar sip,
Her soft blue eye, that beam'd a ray
Mild as the blush of orient day,
Her modest, glowing, damask cheek,
"Where Cupids lurk in dimples sleek,"—
Were such as beauty's goddess chose,
When blooming from the sea she rose;
Or such as heav'n, t'enslave mankind,
In MYRA's face has sweetly join'd:—
Her auburn tresses wav'd beneath
A wildly graceful sedgy wreath.

"Mortal," she cry'd, "the wish give o'er,
"Thine eye shall ne'er the banks explore

"Of

" Of CLYDE's clear stream, where joyous rove
" The sons of freedom, peace, and love.
" Can'st thou the glen, or pine-topp'd hill,
" Like BURNS, with strains ecstatic fill?
" Or dare to touch thy humble wire,
" Where beauteous HELEN's* sweet-ton'd lyre
" Breathes harmony in every gale,
" That cheers the grove, or fans the dale;
" Where gentle Leven's silver tide
" Flows swift to mingle with the CLYDE.
" Content, amid thy native plains,
" Breathe to the woods thy rural strains."

I started, rose, and sighing cry'd,
Adieu, vain wish! adieu, sweet CLYDE!

AN

* *Miss H. M. Williams, Author of a Vol. of Sonnets, &c.*

AN EPISTLE

TO

A FRIEND.

LET us, Monimia, from our bosoms chace
Each sorrow, that afflicts the human race;
And, cheer'd by friendship's genial warmth, survey
The source whence issues its enliv'ning ray:—
Far hence the lover's wish, the poet's dream,
And female friendſhip be the pleasing theme.

Why does vain man accuse our gentle kind
Of pride, and weak inconstancy of mind?

Why

Why should he deem the female breast the seat
Of rankling envy, and of dark deceit?
As tyrant kings their subjects' rights invade,
As trembling kids to lions yield the shade,
So are we robb'd of friendship's sacred name,
Because too timid to defend our claim.
What, tho' no Greek or Latian bard of old
Has female friends in deathless strains enroll'd,
Who, like Euryalus and Nisus, dar'd
Whatever fate their heart's lov'd partner shar'd;
Yet equal faith and fortitude combin'd,
They own, have oft adorn'd the female mind.

Say, what is love, but friendship's brightest ray,
Which softens woe, and cheers fate's darkest day?

What, but this gentle, this exalted flame,
Glow'd in the breast of the Dulichian dame,
When her lov'd lord was sever'd from her arms,
Whilst twenty vernal suns beheld her charms?
Hopeless of his return, by numbers woo'd,
By ev'ry art, love could devise, pursu'd,
Firm in affection his chaste consort prov'd,
His image cherish'd, and his mem'ry lov'd;
'Till heav'n, to bless her constancy, restor'd
To her despairing arms her long-lost lord.
Cou'd vulgar love, or low desires have made
Alcestis' hand her tender breast invade?
Dauntless she died; blest, with her life to save
Her dear Admetus from the threat'ning grave.

But

But rove not thus, my muse, to distant climes,
Nor think fair faith confin'd to heathen times.
Our isle can boast her Eleanor's name,
Whose living virtues grace the book of fame.
Yes, glorious queen! for Edward's dearer life
Thy own was stak'd;— heav'n saw the gen'rous strife,—
Preserv'd the heroine,— to her fervent pray'r
Gave her heart's lord, and crown'd her pious car.
Nor have our noblest bards invidious prov'd,
Well have they sung the virtuous flame they lov'd.
In Thompson's scenes fair Eleanora's tale
Shall charm each heart, till taste and nature fail.
And well has Shakespeare (ever honour'd name)
To female friendship giv'n immortal fame.

So

So dear was Rosalind to Celia's breast,
When, by her father's tyrant power oppress'd,
The fair was banish'd, destitute, to roam,
Celia with her forsook her splendid home,
Left a fond father, bade a court adieu,
And with her friend to lonely woods withdrew;
Trod the brown desert, and the forest wild,
And at distress and changeful fortune smil'd.
All-righteous heav'n the gen'rous act approv'd,
And to a crown restor'd the friend she lov'd.

And thou, Monimia! (cou'd these humble lays
Transmit thy merit to succeeding days)
In fame's unfading page shou'd'st be enroll'd,
And all thy virtues fair shou'd there be told.

Thy

Thy faithful bosom scorns th'ignoble thought,
That love or friendship can with gold be bought.
Pure as the vestal's holy fire must burn
The flame, that merits such a heart's return.
Avaunt! ye frail, inconstant, faithless race!
Nor with your lips these noble names disgrace.
If, with the veering wind of fortune's change,
Your tutor'd hearts from breast to breast can range,
Fond love's or friendship's pow'r you ne'er have
try'd,
But devious, rov'd with folly for your guide.
Henceforth her shrine adore, nor dare pretend
T'assume the name of lover or of friend:—
The heart that to one pow'r has prov'd untrue,
Can never pay the other homage due.

To

To fair Monimia and her Myra leave
These pleasing passions, nor yourselves deceive:
Their long try'd hearts no change has pow'r to move,
Alike they beat to friendship and to love.
In each one object has the heart posses'd,
And death alone can tear it from each breast.

TO

A FRIEND,

ON HER RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

MY much belov'd, my gentle friend,
May ev'ry happiness attend
Thy health's returning bloom;
May fell disease, and grief, and pain,
With all their dire afflictive train,
No longer be thy doom.

The

Th' autumnal sun now shines serene,
Rich Ceres beautifies each scene,
And plenty laughs around;
The woods, the hills, the vales look gay,
O! hither come, and every day
With rapture shall be crown'd.

Come, range with me the verdant lawn,
And hear the lark at early dawn
His sprightly matin trill;
Or, with my little playful throng,
At eve enjoy the blackbird's song,
Beside some gurgling rill.

But

But wheresoe'er my friend shall stray,
May peace and pleasure smooth her way,
And health and fortune smile;
May love, with all his choicest flowr's,
For thee adorn his myrtle bowr's,
And all thy cares beguile.

May some gay youth, fond, kind, and true,
My SYLVIA's worthy heart subdue
To Hymen's gentle pow'r;
Soft may the silken fetters prove,
Distrust or doubt ne'er chill your love,
But peace gild every hour!

INVI-

INVITATION

TO THE SAME,

IN WINTER.

FROM regions of perpetual smoke,
Commercia's rich domains,
Where sulph'rous streams for ever choke,
And sooty Vulcan reigns;

Thy DELIA's muse wou'd fain take wing,
To greet her SYLVIA's eyes;
But sure, what from such scenes can spring,
My SYLVIA must despise.

All

All nature checks the vain design,
Loud howls the bleak north-east,
No wreath appears thy brow to twine,
No flow'r to deck thy breast.

The silent streamlets of the dale,
In icy fetters bound,
Weep to no love-lorn shepherd's tale,
Nor cheer the vallies round.

No blackbird swells the varied strain,
No sky-lark wakes the morn,
But dazzling snow invests the plain,
And nature droops forlorn.

Yet, in the dreariest wintry hour,
The faithful heart can find
A sovereign balm, in one fair flow'r,
To sooth the anxious mind.

Its vivid tints no storm can blast,
Its fragrance ne'er decays;
But, fresh and fair, whilst life shall last,
A vernal bloom displays.

And well its virtues SYLVIA knows;
For in her tender breast,
(Congenial soil) it spreads and blows,
In sweet perfection drest.

Friendship, my SYLVIA, is the flow'r;
Sometimes, to Love refin'd,
It still exerts superior pow'r,
To bless the kindred mind.

And well I wot my snug retreat
Can boast its highest bloom;
Then haste to make my joy complete,
Extend the rich perfume.

Come; tho' no vernal prospects gay
Can here delight thy mind;
Nor will thy favor'd youth delay
These distant scenes to find.

Four guileless hearts, that, raptur'd, bend
To love's and friendship's sway,
Shall sprightly mirth and music blend,
To cheer the darksome day.

I, bless'd in my PHILANDER's love,
With heighten'd joy shall see
My SYLVIA, with her EDWIN, prove
Bless'd in the same degree.

DELIA

DELIA

TO

PHILANDER.

WHILE you, PHILANDER, free from care,
Enjoy a calm repose;
Your DELIA grieves 'mid smoke and noise,
Nor balmy comfort knows.

Dis-

Distant from what she most esteems,
All sad, she hails the morn;
And, pensive, mourns her adverse fate,
'Till gloomy eve's return.

For me in vain the solar orb
Its cheering influence sheds;
In vain the woodland choir rejoice,
And flow'rets paint the meads.

Far from sweet ARROWE's cool retreats,
Not sprightly May can charm;
Nor social pleasure's varying round
My heart-felt gierfs disarm.

How

How gaily the blithe minutes flew,
When, in the silent grove,
I read fair nature's ample page,
And knew no cares but love:

Where zephyrs wav'd their downy wings,
And blushing Flora spread
Her varied vest, with sweets replete,
Wide o'er the velvet mead:

Where rosy-finger'd pleasure stray'd,
And ev'ry sylvan pow'r
Smil'd on the harmless, past'ral throng,
And bless'd each passing hour.

But here, what different scenes are found!
Here no PHILANDER's voice
Calls echo f.om her lonely cave,
Or bids the plains rejoice.

No more I range the daisied lawn,
In vernal beauty dress'd;
No more the softly murm'ring rill
Can sooth my soul to rest.

No more the poplar's friendly shade
Excludes the scorching ray;
Where oft attention, rapt, has hung
On your mellifluous lay.

Each

Each fav'rite scene of rural bliss
In thought I oft renew;
Then mourn the chance, that bade me leave
My native plains and you.



SONNET

SONNET

TO THE

MOON.

PALE regent of the night! to thee I bend:
Let thy chaste beams my wand'ring steps befriend.
Rank follies, which in mid-day sunshine glare,
By thy mild light may I elude;— and far
From falsehood, flatt'ry and mankind escape,
Where pain, in pleasure's most alluring shape,

Attends

Attends, th' unwary trav'ller to betray,
Whose heedless footsteps trace the devious way.

Queen of the placid brow, and eye serene,
Give me, to wander o'er the varied scene,
When ev'ry object, soften'd by thy light,
Appears with added beauty to my sight.
Let others love in flaunting day to shine,
Moon-light and contemplation still be mine!

HYMN

HYMN

TO

PLUTUS.

PLUTUS! to thee I bow, to thee alone,
And, prostrate, worship at thy splendid throne.
To thee, great god of ocean, earth and air,
My heart ascends, and thus prefers its pray'r.

O! grant thy vot'ry wealth, howe'er 'tis gain'd,
By murders blotted, by corruption stain'd,
By grov'lling arts, which virtuous fools despise,
Who wish for wealth, yet scorn the ways to rise:

Still

Still let them court that empty bubble, fame,
Be self-applause their riches, peace their claim.
Such rebels to thy sway my soul disdains,
Theirs be the glory, Plutus! mine the gains.
For me let Phœbus, with intenser ray,
Pour o'er Peruvian mines the blazing day;
Tho' Pan's fair flocks bestrew the high parch'd plains,
Brown Ceres droop, and breathless faint the swains,
Tho' sable slaves in countless myriads die,
Beneath the influence of the fervid sky,
What is't to me, who, in this temp'rate isle,
At southern heat, and Greenland winters smile?

To me propitious is the scorching beam,

Tho' sick'ning nature gasp beneath the gleam;

Since to this kind, prolific warmth I owe

The diamond's blaze, and ruby's heighten'd glow:

This to all-pow'rful gold matures the ore,

For which the suppliant crowd thy shrine adore.

Do I forget, or break a promise made,—

Must I be tied to servile rules of trade?

No:—Liberty from ample fortune springs

To spurn beneath my foot such trivial things.

Shou'd the small number, who on honor doat,

And feast on virtue in a thread-bare coat,

Say

Say, I by falsehood and collusion gain'd
The darling end, for which each nerve was
strain'd;
Whilst I enjoy thé permanent delight
Of solid gold, I'll swear THEIR BLACK IS WHITE.
Tho' tongue-tied truth may blame the bold design,
The world will honor me, whilst wealth is mine:
Then, PLUTUS, grant me wealth; to thee I bend,
And my devotion but with life shall end.

To Mr. F——

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

IN verse, as plain and as sincere as prose,
Permit a friend her wishes to disclose.
Fame says you're married;—on your well-known taste
My judgment's form'd, and cannot be misplac'd.
I know the face, that cou'd your bosom move,
Must glow with sentiment, and beam with love.
I know that in the fair must be combin'd
A person elegant, and polish'd mind,

To

To twist the silken bonds, that bless for life
The raptur'd husband and confiding wife.
How I exult, to find no foreign dame
Cou'd kindle in your breast the tender flame!
That Gallia's beauties yield to Mercian charms,
And British eyes prevail, like British arms!

But let the muse assume a sprightlier strain,
Light fly the notes around the list'ning plain.
O! cou'd they sound sweet as the trembling strings,
When DELIA o'er the keys her rapid fingers flings;
Then might the wood-lark cease his tuneful trill,
And echo pause, enrapt, on yonder hill.

May love, and peace, and smiling joy
Strew your paths with sweetest flow'rs;
May no cank'ring grief annoy
Your Hearts, nor shade the swift-wing'd hours!

Bless'd, and blessing, may you know
Ev'ry happiness below!
And, when life resigns to fate,
Joys be yours of endless date!

SONG

SONG,

Adapted to a favorite Gavot

OF AVISON's.

HAVE you seen my DAMON, lasses?
Did you meet him on the green?
His sweet pipe each lad's surpasses,
Matchless are his air and mein.

Long he woo'd me, long he su'd me;—
I, alas! was cold as snow:
Now he leaves me, how it grieves me!
Where he roves I do not know.

Hapless

Hapless sex! constrain'd by fashion
To disguise each tender thought;—
To repress the genial passion
Is the art we first are taught.

Hence dissembling, blushing, trembling;
Female wiles and airs, adieu!
Shepherd, hear me! come and cheer me!
Or poor DELIA dies for you.

LINES

LINES

OCCASIONED

BY SEEING THE COLD-BATH, AT HOCKLEY ABBEY,

NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

IF Cynthus' piny hills chaste Dian loves,
If blooming Hebe seeks th' Arcadian groves,
If thro' the Paphian plains bright Venus strays,
Or in the Cyprian shades her charms displays;
If health's blithe goddess loves at early dawn
To sweep the dew-drop from the flow'ry lawn;

Here

Here let the fair celestial train retire,
And here, O! Phœbus, lead thy tuneful choir.
Whate'er Arcadia, Cynthus, Paphos yields
Adorns these groves, clear streams, and smiling fields.
No bold Actæon, with profane emprize,
Can pierce these hallow'd walls with impious eyes.
This pearly roof and pure translucent wave
Invite Hygeia's votaries to lave:
Then here, Hygeia, blooming goddess! come;
In this cool region fix thy envied home:
Here reign, embow'r'd, beside the crystal wave,
And bid thy vot'ries here securely lave,
Plunge deep, and meet the naiad of the stream,
And prove their fondest hopes no idle dream.

May

May the returning rose their cheeks embloom,
And thou, sweet nymph, thy fairest seat resume!
With thy bright glow bid ev'ry face appear,
And health and beauty fix their empire here!

To Mr. and Mrs. F——

on seeing the pleasure-grounds

At HOCKLEY ABBEY.

HAIL! gentle pair, with genuine taste refin'd,
Who deck'd this grot, and rear'd these antique tow'rs;
Round the feign'd time-shook walls the ivy twin'd,
And taught the trees to form these friendly bow'rs.

May

May you, in this delightful calm retreat,
With festive joy, or tranquil thought be blest!
May those emotions in your bosoms beat,
Which ev'ry morn bring peace, at evening, rest!

Ne'er may the callous heart these walls pervade,
To rob the pretty warblers of their young,
Who fearless seek your hospitable shade,
And pay the tribute of their sweetest song.

Ne'er may the trees their leafy honors mourn,
Cropp'd by rude hands,—nor from the sparry wall
The beauteous spoils of Neptune's realms be torn,
Nor Flora's blooming tribes untimely fall.

Here

Here let the muse's pensive vot'ry stray,
To whom such tranquil scenes are ever dear,
Far hence, wild dissipation! shape thy way;—
Virtue and peace alone are licens'd here.



LINES

LINES

SUGGESTED IN A GROTTO

at the same place.

YE, that dote on pomp and pow'r,
Shun this low-roof'd, mossy cell;
Here, to 'scape the fervid hour,
Genius loves with peace to dwell.

Musing solitude delights
Near the placid stream to rove;
Contemplation calm invites
Her vot'ries to the hallow'd grove.

Wel-

Welcome here the lib'ral mind,

Welcome here the breast that glows,

(By tender sympathy refin'd)

To sooth each sorrow to repose.

SUGGESTED WHILE SITTING ON

a turf seat,

AT THE SAME PLACE.

PRIDE and pageantry, avaunt!
On this simple, turf-built seat
I enjoy what thousands want,—
From the world a safe retreat.

Distant views may charm the eye,
Distant hopes may wound the breast;
These sequester'd scenes supply
The care-worn heart with balmy rest.

But

But, while here on earth we stay,
Varied is our happiest lot;
Clouds obscure our brightest day,
Alike in castle or in cot.



On

ON

HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING

EARLY IN MARCH.

WELCOME, sweet harbinger of spring!
Thou softest warbler of the grove!
Thou bid'st the dreary woodlands ring
With strains of music, joy and love.

Tho' scarce a swelling bud is seen
To deck the hedge-row, shrub or tree;
Tho' nature boasts no vivid green,
Yet is gay spring announc'd by thee.

When

When, rising from th'unblossom'd spray,
Thy sooty fav'rite meets thine eye,
How quick thou wing'st thy liquid way,
Regardless of the stormy sky!

True love, and well-try'd faith, can bear,
Unmov'd, the chilling wintry blast,
Sing o'er the scanty, hard-earn'd fare,
Nor e'er regret the sunshine past.

ODE

ODE

Respectfully inscribed

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN,

ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS TRAVELS.

FROM classic ground, where MARO's pen
And GUIDO's pencil caught celestial fire,
EUGENIO, pride of free-born men,
Returns to glad his fond, expecting sire:—
To heal the wounds his tortur'd heart has known,
And in his breast bid peace resume her throne.

From

From studying nature's ample page,
From studying human policy and laws,
From tracing science down from age to age,
Seeking from obvious truths each latent cause;
Behold! his parent's pride, his country's boast,
With filial rapture, hails his native coast.

Accomplis'd youth! Oh! may that coast
For ever be thy pride, thy boast!
Tho' Padua bloom, almost as Eden fair,
Tho' the rich vintage of Falernia's hills
The ample press with nectar fills,
And odors mingle in the air;—

Yet

Yet may thy native Britain vie with these:
Her springs salubrious—her refreshing breeze,
Wafted around from Neptune's green domain,
Relume the faded cheek, and gladden ev'ry plain:
Her spacious orchards teem with racy floods,
Rich plenty crowns her fields, and music fills her woods.

The cheerful horns, the well-match'd hounds,
Shall call sweet echo from her cave each morn;
And, round thy villa's rich, extensive bounds,
On zephyr's wing the strains shall long be borne.

The old, infirm and poor, to whom thy hand,
In charity extended, comfort gives,
Shall bend in pray'r to heav'n that fortunes bland
May bless their patron, whilst on earth he lives.

And long, O! long may he on earth remain,

By peace attended, and her smiling train!

May his bright virtues ev'ry heart engage,

And live recorded to the latest age!



SONNET

SONNET

TO A

ROSE.

SWEET rose! how justly styl'd the queen of flow'rs!

Thy hues how various, yet how beauteous all!

Whate'er thy tints, thy breath its fragrance pours

To the soft breeze, at morning's earliest call,

And scents with perfumes rich grey ev'ning's dewy pall.

Whe-

Whether in glowing red thy blooms are deck'd,
Or white as innocence thou meet'st the eye;
Or thy fair leaves, with sanguine traces speck'd,*
Bid us the dire effects of pride descry,
And mark the thorns that under regal ermine lie;

Still, queen of flow'rs! shalt thou unrivall'd reign:
Thy spoils distill'd, an added sweetness boast;
As sense and virtue, spite of time, retain
Unfading charms, when transient beauty's lost.

The

*Alluding to the York and Lancaster rose

THE
SONG
OF THE
SISTERS OF IVAR.

THE THOUGHT TAKEN FROM THOMPSON'S ALFRED.

LOUD and hollow blows the blast,
Thick descends the rattling hail;
Thro' th'expanse of æther vast
See the lurid light'nings trail!

Vivid flash to flash succeeds,
Gleaming thro' the murky air,
Horror blasts the smiling meads,
And shrouds each prospect late so fair.

Hark!

Hark! from yonder gloomy cave,
Far receding from the view,
Where black boughs of cypress wave,
Blended with the baleful yew;—

Hark! what sounds of dire portent
Echo thro' the darkling vales!
Let me watch the dread event,
Tho' grim death my heart assails.

'Tis th'infernal magic yell
Of the furious Ivar's race,
Here they form the potent spell,
That flies the sun's refulgent face.

See

See! a sable web they form,—
Streaming gore the texture stains;
Shrieks and thunder, groans and storm,
Sound symphonious to their strains.

CALDA first began the song,
As her hand the shuttle threw:—
"Ivar, be thy sword still strong,
"Be thy courage ever true!
"And where-e'er this banner's furl'd,
"Thine shall be the conquer'd world:
"This banner, fraught with grim war's woes,
"Shall shake destruction on thy foes."

DARGA

DARGA next approach'd the loom,

Nature shudder'd at her scream;

And, scarce seen 'mid clouds of gloom,

The pale moon shed her faintest beam;—

" This dread raven's sable form

" On his wing shall bear dismay,

" Death and fury, rage and storm

" Stalk, where-e'er he leads the way:

" Ivar, see, with conquest crown'd,

" Thy gasping foes despairing bite the ground."

Black CLOTILDA's gory hand

Clos'd the woof, and clos'd the charm;—

" Ivar! may each hostile land

" Tremble at thy lifted arm!

O'er

" O'er the ocean's foaming surge

" Lead thy dauntless myriads forth;

" Make the farthest western verge

" Dread the legions of the north!

" Let the black raven snuff his destin'd prey,

" And bear to unknown worlds death, terror and dismay!

" Hecate, aid our mystic rites;

" Furies, join your ruthless pow'r;

" Ivar's fearless soul delights

" In deeds that fit this fateful hour.

' But,

" But, alas! a threat'ning gleam

" Crosses all our pains and art,

" Bright and brighter see it stream,

" And our friendly mists depart.

" Long the raven shall prevail,

" Long his wing spread havock round,

" 'Till the west a king shall hail,

" With valour arm'd with virtue crown'd,

" Danish glory then shall fade,

" Danish blood shall drench the plain,

" Ivar's shield, and reeking blade,

" Boast no more the crimson stain."

" Louder

Louder howl'd the mighty wind,

Rending peals convuls'd the sky,

Death-like terrors shook my mind,

And wild the furious sisters fly;

Shrieking, as they leave the cell,—

" Danish glory, ah! farewell!"

ADDRESS

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

Miss MELLON

ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,

AT THE THEATRE,

Walsall.

THO' taught, for your amusement, to assume
Pleasure's gay smile, or sorrow's deepest gloom,
There are some traits of nature in my heart,
Invariably the same thro' ev'ry part:

A sense of ev'ry favor you have shewn
Beats in each nerve, and struggles to be known.
Accept my warmest thanks, ye gen'rous fair!
Who thus have made a strangers cause your care.
For you may love select his choicest flow'rs,
To strew your paths, and to entwine your bow'rs!
May health and peace their vivid glow diffuse!
(Richer cosmetics than Circassian dews.)

May commerce spread her sails from pole to pole,
And, on each billow, wealth to Albion roll!
May factious tumult be expell'd this isle;
Here may the muses, graces, virtues smile!

'Thron'd

'Thron'd in each heart, may our lov'd monarch
reign
With genuine liberty's celestial train!
And to this favor'd spot, by bounteous heav'n,
May ev'ry blessing man can ask be giv'n!

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. NUNNS,

ON HER FIRST APPEARANCE

AT THE THEATRE,

EDINBURGH.

FROM Mercia's plains to Scotia's happy shore
A stranger comes, your suff'rance to implore.
Nurs'd 'mid the smiles and plaudits of my friends,
To them 'tis owing, if ambition blends,
With native timidness, a wish to please
Where judgment reigns,—where elegance and ease
Preside

'Preside in ev'ry mind.— May my endeavours
Attract your kind regard, engage your favors!
Tho' beauteous BELLAMY you erst have seen,
Adding new strength to SHAKESPEAR's matchless
scene;
Tho' CUNNINGHAM, by ev'ry muse and grace
Belov'd, has sought with joy this favor'd place;
Neither cou'd boast more ardent hopes than mine,
Whose highest pride is in your eyes to shine.

O! may your sweet romantic clime impart
Such genuine raptures to my feeling heart,
That ev'ry thought, look, action may conspire
To prove my bosom glows with Caledonian fire!

But

But cou'd some emanations from that muse,
Who pour'd on BURNS's head her hallow'd dews,
Teach me that nameless sentimental grace,
That wou'd transcribe his genius in my face;
Then shou'd I fearless meet the critic's eye,
Secure, like him, of fame and immortality.

IMPROMPTU

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOME VERSES.

BY the softly-murm'ring stream,
Where I fondly us'd to dream,
O'er the daisy-painted lawn,
Where I met the meek-ey'd dawn;
Thro' the grove or up the mountain,
Or beside some mossy fountain,
Where I wander'd, oft befriended
By the muse, who then attended

Ev'ry

Ev'ry rural haunt I sought,

Sooth'd each care, improv'd each thought;—

Now alas! in vain I rove:—

Nor fountain, lawn, nor dale nor grove

Can inspire the tuneful strain.

Youth is fled, and fancy's train,

Ever flitting on the wing,

Follow HEBE and the spring.



VALEN-

VALENTINE'S DAY.

DRAMA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLIN

STREPHON

Shepherds.

PHILLIDA

ANNA.

VALEN-

VALENTINE's DAY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE, a cottage with a small fire, the rising sun appearing through the window.— PHILLIDA tying flax upon her distaff.

PHILLIDA.

AIR.

AH! woe is me, poor lass!
To rise ere peep of day,
To toil and spin,
Small gains to win,
While other maidens play!

But

But thus my mother spoke,

And dare I disobey?

" This web must be spun,

" This long thread done,

„ Before the close of day."

' *Rising and throwing away her distaff.*

AIR.

O! Valentine's day, thou wert ne'er made for spinning;

Forgive, my dear mother, the bent of my mind:

When young as your daughter, you car'd not for linen,

So you met but a lad that was loving and kind.

I'll follow your sample,

And set an example

To each village lass that has courage to try:—

If

If, COLIN, I meet thee,

So kindly I'll greet thee,

We'll strike up a wedding, or thou shalt say why.

A gentle rap at the door, and enter Anna.

PHILLIDA.

My ANNA, sweet friend, what! so early awake?

But you've slept none last night, or I sadly mistake:

Those eyes are such tell-tales, those cheeks look so pale,

That my heart can conceive, e'er you tell the soft tale.

Young Cupid (sly rogue) has been playing his gambols,

And fitted your mind for our Valentine rambles.

My

My mother (good soul) here has set me to work;

But if I spin to day, I'm a Jew or a Turk:

I did not smart up in my holiday clothes

To sit here tweedle tweedle, you well may suppose:

No;— I'll lock up the door, and I'll range the fields over,

And it sha'n't be my fault if I find not a lover.

'Spite of all my high spirits, dear ANNA, I own,

Little Cupid has long claim'd my heart for his throne.

COLIN's easy indiff'rence and coolness have gain'd

What the whole tribe of flatt'rers cou'd ne'er have obtain'd.

And if he won't woo me, 't will give me some plea-
sure
To plague the poor soul without pity or measure.

ANNA.

My good-natur'd mad-cap, what wou'd'st thou
be at?
Because thou lov'st COLIN, wou'd'st plague him
for that?
Be mild and obliging, and civil and cool,
And the man will pursue thee unless he's a fool:
But if thy wild wit and thy tongue are let loose,
Believe me, he'll fly thee, or else he's a goose.

Let

Let modesty, prudence and spirit direct us,
And female discretion for ever protect us.
If my heart were just bursting, my features shou'd
smile,
Tho' my STREPHON were talking of love all the
while.

PHILLIDA.

Dear ANNA, no more of this old-fashion'd stuff;
I shou'd think thy poor heart had e'en suffer'd
enough:
The rose on thy cheek is grown pale, and thine eye
Has lost much of its lustre;—but this by the by.—
Then take a friend's counsel, comply with a grace;
Nor break that soft heart, nor destroy that sweet face.

Tho'

Tho' thou call'st me a mad-cap, I've prudence good store

To take care of myself, and I wish for no more.

AIR.

Love with too much prudence fraught,

Ne'er shall make me melancholy:

Be your delicacy taught,

Coyness is ally'd to to folly;

Open-hearted truth shall guide me,

Let or good or bad betide me.

True it is, I love a youth,

Artless as the flock he feeds:—

If to me he plights his truth,

Nuptial bliss his vow succeeds:

If he

If he slight me, farewell care;—
Love, I toss thee to the air.

ANNA.

Thou hast made me a convert, I'll strive to comply;
If I meet the dear shepherd, I'll not be too shy:
But, I fear, he'll despise me if easily gain'd;
For the prize is most valu'd, that's hardly obtain'd.
Then assist, female pride, and I'll do what I can
To shew woman superior in prudence to man.
Come, lock up the door, to the fields let's away,
Cast our cares to the wind, and be cheerful and gay;

Chat

Chat with all that we meet, and at CORYDON's bow'r
Rest, and talk our pranks o'er, at the sweet noon-
tide hour.

Anna and Phillida lock the door and go off.

SCENE, a field.—— Enter two shepherds.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Well met, my good friend; from the village what
news?
How prospers thy farm? and what luck with thy
ewes?
I hope all goes well! I've so long been a ranger,
That to all village news, you must know, I'm a
stranger.

How

How fare the tight girls at the end of the green?
ANNA, PHILLIDA, BRIDGET,— you know whom
I mean:
Have they got any lovers?—pray tell me, and who?
For one likes to hear news of one's neighbours you
know.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As to ANNA, poor girl! she must die an old maid;
For each youth to approach the coy creature's
afraid:
She's so prim and demure, and so distant and cool,
That she makes e'en the wisest on's look like a fool.
Poor STREPHON, they say, is just dying for love,
But I think that's a case which no hist'ry can prove:
And

And 't were pity, poor fellow! that he shou'd be first:
No;— let the prim vixen lead apes and be curst.—
Then for PHILLIDA, she's all wit, spirits and mirth,
The whimsical'st wench sure that walks upon earth:
'Tis thought COLIN loves her, and pines for her favor,
But dreads her keen jokes and her flighty behaviour.
As to BRIDGET, she's married;— and troth 'twas high time,
For five farently youths for her wasted their prime.
There's DAMON, you know, who's a rhymer of old,
In odd-measur'd verses the story has told:—
His song on the subject may be but so so,
But it tells the plain truth, and that's something you know.

Dear

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Dear lad, let me hear it, I love a good song;
And if it's a true one, it cannot be wrong.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

AIR.

ROBIN and ROGER, RALPH, RICHARD, and
HOBINOL
Courted young BRIDGET the pride of the milk-maids
all;
To tell the quarrels that out among them did fall,
Wou'd puzzle a head that's much better than
mine.
HOBINOL pleas'd her with tunes on his oaten reed,
ROGER's tough cudgel made HOBINOL's noddle
bleed,

ROBIN

ROBIN and RALPH from hard words to hard blows
proceed,
While BRIDGET, laughing, declar'd it was fine.

RICHARD, more cautious, avoided his rivals' sight;
He told his love-tales beneath the dark gloom of
night.
BRIDGET said,— he that lov'd, never wou'd fear to
fight;—
No sneaking night-bird shou'd her sweet-heart be:
" If you wou'd please me, DICK, let ROGER feel
your blows,
" Let me behold him with black eyes and bloody
nose;
" I like the lad, who his love by his courage shews;
" Whining and pining will ne'er do for me."

DICK

DICK a good drubbing got, ROGER no better sped,
He was well paid for poor HOBINOL's broken head,
BRIDGET said,—both by a will-o'the-wisp were led,
Those that fought for her might beat her at last:
She hop'd their love and their courage were both well cool'd,
She by such numskulls shou'd sure have been finely rul'd;
So the four boxers by HOBINOL's pipe were fool'd,
And last May-morning saw BRIDGET ty'd fast.

Enter to them several other shepherds.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

AIR.

Friends, good morning! pleas'd I greet you,—
Pleas'd I hail the new-born spring,—
Glad

Glad this happy hour to meet you,—
Hark! the woods with music ring.

Learn the sky-lark's artless trilling,
Bid the girls attend your lay:
Each fond heart with rapture filling,
Love shall crown this joyful day.

Anna and Phillida appear at a distance.

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

See yonder two smart buxom lasses appear;
Come, practise the lesson you teach:
But haste, for if longer we list to you here,
I' faith, they'll be out of our reach.

Shepherds run off.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE,— *a grove.— Colin and Phillida meeting.*

COLIN.

GOOD morrow! fair damsel, pray whither away?
Why so soon in the morning, so smart and so gay?
What market or fair does young PHILLIDA seek?
For I know not of any this day of the week.

PHILLIDA.

Why! has COLIN forgot?—'tis the day of the year
When lasses in quest of their lovers appear;

And

And if happily met on a Valentine's day,

'Tis a very good omen, as old women say.

The Poets declare (who, you know, never lie)

That on Valentine's day all the birds of the sky

Chuse their mates for a twelve-month, and always prove true,

And that's more by one half than you men often do;

You're so much addicted to roving and ranging,

Such groundless suspicions, such chopping and changing,

That, in troth, a poor girl had need look well about her;

If you think she's in love, you so slight her and flout her,—

When

When, truly, you ought (as she saves you such
trouble,
And meets you half way) your affection to double;
But, ingrates, as you are, the more favor we shew
you,
The more you convince us how little we know you:
Of our credit, our reason and hearts you bereave us;
And think you've done wonderful well to deceive
us.

COLIN.

Well said, flippant lass;— art not quite out of
breath?—
If I thought thy dear tongue wou'd not talk me to
death,

I cou'd

I cou'd e'en be contented to make thee my wife,
And wear the soft shackles of love all my life.
I long have ador'd thee; but thought, if I spoke,
Thy wit wou'd turn all I cou'd say to a joke;—
But, induc'd by thy smiles, I've at last broke the ice;
Then tell me thy mind, and conclude in a trice.

PHILLIDA.

Then to speak the plain truth, I have long lov'd you too,
And sought this occasion to tempt you to woo;
And when I have promis'd obedience, you know,
Why,— my tongue must lie still— if you'd have it do so.

COLIN.

COLIN.

How bless'd, my sweet girl!—But see where o'er
the plain
Young STREPHON approaches;— poor languishing
swain!
Oh! wou'd his lov'd ANNA were gentle as thee,
And he, honest shepherd, as happy as me!
How his piteous complaint sounds thro' wood-land
and vale!
Come, let's hide us, and laugh at his sorrowful tale.

Colin and Phillida retire.

STREPHON.

AIR.

See! Aurora's streaky light
Glows along the smiling east;

But

But the gloomy shades of night
Still o'ercast this love-lorn breast.
Still of ANNA I complain,
Grieve and sigh, but all in vain.

Hark! the minstrels of the grove
Pour their songs from ev'ry spray;
Nature tunes their notes to love,
Their fond mates accept the lay:
While soft echo breathes the strain
O'er the dew-bespangled plain.

But my ANNA, blooming maid,
Scorning nature's kind decree,
Like the tim'rous fawn afraid,
Coldly flies from love and me.

Still of ANNA I complain,
Grieve and sigh, but all in vain.

O! thou potent god of love,
Let me not in vain adore;
Teach thy vot'ry's sighs to move,
ANNA's icy breast explore:
There thy genial warmth impart,
Thaw with love the virgin's heart.

Exit Strephon.— Colin and Phillida return.

PHILLIDA.

Ah! well may one laugh at his sorrowful tale,
That makes ANNA's cruelty ring thro' the dale:
When, alas! the poor girl is just dying the while;
But for fear of imprudence won't grant him a smile.

I am

I am deep in her secrets, and, do what she can,
If he'll boldly attack her, I'm sure he's the man.
But, softly!—see yonder, she steals thro' the grove;
No doubt to give vent to her sorrow and love.
Again let's retire, and laugh at such grief,
That will neither bestow, nor accept of relief.

Colin and Phillida retire.

ANNA.

AIR.

Where does lovely STREPHON rove?
Down what glen, or o'er what lawn?
I have rang'd to seek my love
Since the earliest blush of dawn.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry warbler meets his mate
On this bless'd auspicious day:—
Why is ANNA doom'd by fate
From the much-lov'd youth to stray?

Is it prudence, is it pride,
That constrains the hapless maid
Ev'ry heart-felt wish to hide,
Of the youth she loves afraid?—
Cou'd the gen'rous STREPHON's tongue
Only court me to betray!
Ah! how much my heart I wrong,
When I coldly say him nay!

No!

No! he's tender, fond and true:—
Why shou'd ANNA wear disguise?
Nature's dictates I'll pursue,
Nor be wretched to be wise.
Shou'd I meet the gentle youth
On this bless'd auspicious day,
I'll requite his love and truth,
And no longer say him nay.

Anna walks about in a melancholy attitude.

Enter Strephon.

STREPHON.

Pardon me, lovely nymph, if I intrude,
Unlicens'd, on your sacred solitude:

Pity

Pity the wound your conqu'ring eyes have giv'n;
Mercy's the sweetest attribute of heav'n.
O! let sweet mercy's smile extend to me!
And may heav'n's choicest blessings smile on thee.

ANNA.

To pity's claim this breast was ever true,—
If thou art wretched, STREPHON, 'tis thy due;—
Pity we owe to ev'ry suff'ring heart,
Which, tho' it cannot heal, may sooth the smart.

STREPHON

O! let my suff'rings more than pity move!
O! let that pity ripen into love!
So will my ANNA's goodness shine confess'd,
Whilst love and life shall warm this faithful breast.

AIR.

AIR.

Tho' ling'ring winter still presides,
And frosts and fogs remain;
Tho' Phœbus his bright tresses hides,
Nor gilds the dreary plain;
Yet, ANNA, in thy love-fraught eyes
Another sun is seen,
Whose radiant beams illume the skies,
And cheer the wint'ry scene.

On thy fair cheek the vernal rose
Blooms like the rising morn;
In thy soft heart each virtue glows
That can thy sex adorn:

From

From thy sweet lips Arabia breathes,
And Philomel resigns
To thy superior voice her wreathes,
And droops her head and pines.

O ANNA! since in thee I view
Each beauty Spring can boast;
Let not my heart its ardor rue,
Nor chill my hopes with frost:
For, tho' the sun resume his sway,
And blushing flow'rs appear;
Unless thy smiles make nature gay,
'Tis winter all the year.

ANNA.

AIR.

Tho' STREPHON's good-nature such beauties can find
In the eyes of his ANNA, her voice and her mind;
I humbly must doubt what I cannot believe,
And think Cupid has taught you yourself to deceive.

These eyes cannot make rose or vi'let appear,
Nor chace the dull clouds that make nature look drear:
My mind, tho' serene, cannot calm the loud storm,
Nor my voice hush the winds, which the ocean deform.

But

But if, gentle youth, Spring depends on my smile,
If ANNA's affection your cares can beguile;
That affection shall ever your sorrows allay,
And we'll sing, smile and love, and the year shall
be May.

Colin and Phillida appear.

PHILLIDA.

AIR.

With pleasure, fair neighbour, I greet you,
And wish you much joy of your swain;
How lucky it was he shou'd meet you
This Valentine's morn on the plain!
Young COLIN and I have been peeping,
And hearing the soft things you said;—

Quite

Quite mov'd with your sighing and weeping,
To speak I was almost afraid.

But now all the flurry is over,
We've each found a partner for life;
May the husband still prove a fond lover,—
An amiable mistress the wife!

CHORUS.

But now all the flurry &c.

COLIN.

For me, simple shepherd, 'twas clever,
That PHILLIDA taught me to woo,
And, had it been STREPHON's endeavour,
His ANNA had taught it him too.

We've both known the pleasure and anguish
That ev'ry fond heart must endure:
The more we despair, sigh and languish,
The more we rejoice at the cure.

But now all the flurry is over,
We've each found a partner for life;
May the husband still prove a fond lover,—
An amiable mistress the wife!

CHORUS.

But now all the flurry &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOL.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

MRS. DARWALL.

(Formerly Miss Whateley)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	PAGE.
Elegy on the Ruins of Kenilworth Castle	1
Doris; a Pastoral	8
Song	14
Ode	17
Ode to Spring	20
Lines written for a young Lady's Sampler	22
Ode on the Peace, written January 3rd. 1783	24
Advice to a young Lady	29
To Miss M—— on the death of her Father	31
Ode, addressed to Mrs. HEWAN	34
The death of Mary, in sequel to Mary's Dream or Sandy's Ghost	41
Down the Bourn	44

The

CONTENTS.

The self-exiled Minstrel	47
Spring, a Song	53
On the Author's Husband desiring her to write some Verses	55
An Invitation in Spring	58
To a Cricket	59
Lines addressed to a young Lady, on her wearing a Bosom-Pin, presented her by a Gentleman	61
Ode	62
Elegy	65
Stanzas addressed to the Author by Mr. H. F. CARY	69
To Mr. CARY, in Reply	79
Written in Spring 1764	72
Song	74
Epilogue, written for a favourite Actress, and spoken on her Benefit Night, at Walsall	76
Epilogue, spoken when a Play was performed for the benefit of a Person in distress	79
The Wood-Nymph	81

Scotch

CONTENTS.

Scotch Pastoral 86

Lines addressed to a Gentleman, on hearing him ask a young Lady, what Love was 91

William and Susan, a Ballad 96

Epilogue, spoken after a Play, performed at Walsall, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the Soldiers and Sailors who shou'd die or be killed during the War, 1793 100

Sonnet, on removing a Bay-Tree from a Northern to a Southern aspect 104

To Mrs. C—— on her Wedding Day 106

Elegy 108

Hymn, sung by the Charity-Children, Walsall 116

Hymns, sung by the Congregation of Walsall { Morning 119 / Evening 121

To Mr. D—— on his 15th. Wedding day 123

Sonnet to Time 125

SONNETS, &c.

• Despondency 128

• Sonnet 130

* Tears of affection 132
* To SELINA, preparing for a Ball 135
* Sonnet to a Friend 137
* Sonnet 139
* A serious reflection 141
* Solitude 143
* Occasioned by a Bird's Nest being destroyed, after its inhabitant was become quite tame and familiarised with the Author 146
* Sonnet 148
* Sonnet on Absence 150
* To a Gentleman, going to join the Army on the Continent 152
* Ode 154
* Sonnet on the first sight of the Severn 157

The Moanings of Ella the daughter of Glendalwin 159
Written on walking in the Woods of Gregynog in Montgomeryshire, the Seat of Arthur Blayney Esq. 168

ELE-

POEMS.

ELEGY

ON THE RUINS OF

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

[illegible]pectfully inscribed to the Right Honourable the

EARL of CLARENDON.

WHEN Phœbus to old Ocean's oozy bed
Descending, veil'd his glories from the sight;—
When solemn eve her dewy mantle spread,
And Cynthia rose, pale regent of the night;—
Revol-

Revolving in my mind the changeful state
Of sublunary grandeur, pomp and shew;
How time, inexorable, marks the date
Of all that's gay, or great, or good below;

Chance led me, as I meditating rov'd,
Where KENILWORTH its gothic glories rear'd,
Which CLINTON built, which great ELIZA lov'd,
ELIZA, to th' historic Muse endear'd.

Stupendous walls! to ruin's rage consign'd,
Mould'ring, submissive to the arm of fate;
Thro' your lone arches let me entrance find,
And, silent, ponder on your pristine state.

Where the athletic porter frown'd severe,
And scowl'd defiance o'er th' embattled plain,
No sound, save echo's dying voice, we hear,
Nor form perceive, save fancy's airy train.

Here the gay herald erst proclaim'd the prize,
And summon'd to the field each noble youth,
That wish'd to win the author of his sighs,
The beauteous dame he lov'd with zeal and truth.

A glance from her bright eye, or ribband wove
In mystic knots of love, cou'd well repay
Each danger he in well-fought fields cou'd prove,
And crown with ecstacy the hard-won day.

When

When the gay circus glow'd with beauty's beam,
And ev'ry knight beheld his sov'reign's face,
Who cou'd be daunted at the faulchion's gleam,
Or shun his fierce opponent's dire embrace?

No more these dreadful, pompous sports prevail!
Love, pleas'd, accepts a milder sacrifice,—
The time-try'd faith, the gently-soothing tale
Now from the coldest heart obtain the prize.

Where (Britain's glory) the bright virgin queen,
With bevies of the courtly fair ones, stray'd,
Like Dian's buskin'd nymphs, in forests green,
To chace the tim'rous roe thro' grove and glade;—

Now

Now the rough plough-share marks its crooked way,
Or sun-burnt hinds, with ruthless hands, despoi
The flow'ry meads of all their rich array,
And rudely glory in their rustic toil.

Where the broad stream in sportive eddies play'd,
And at due distance kept the hostile throng;
Now the green slope, with blooming flow'rs array'd,
Invites the rural train to dance and song.

O'er the rude walls the mantling ivy twines,
And waves luxuriant round the nodding tow'rs;
Here skims the bat, the boding screech-owl pines,
And the hoarse raven wakes the midnight hours.

Imagi-

Imagination crowds the vacant scene
With glimm'ring ghosts, that haunt the dreary shade,
The mournful maid,—the warrior's dreadful mein,
Flitting by moon-light thro' the darkling glade.

If chance the village maid shou'd vent'rous stray
Near these lone piles by vesper's silver light,
What sounds does fancy to her ear convey!
What forms present to her deluded sight!

If the sad bird of night pours forth her moan,
Or waving shadows dance before the wind,—
She hears some restless spirit's hollow groan,
And nameless terrors seize her timid mind.

Soon

Soon thro' the hamlet spreads the wond'rous tale,
Enlarg'd by superstition as it flies:
Each rustic hearer stands aghast and pale,
The taper twinkles and the cricket cries.

But reason's eye in other light surveys
This mould'ring monument of earthly state,
Which, to the soul this warning truth conveys,—
"Aspire to glories of a longer date."

For when oblivion shrouds the high-arch'd dome,
And grandeur yields to time's all-conqu'ring sway,
The deathless soul shall find his destin'd home,—
The cloudless regions of eternal day.

DORIS

DORIS;

A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO MR. Y——

WHERE a clear stream devolves, with gentle tide,
'Mid verdant limes which crown its fertile side,
ALEXIS rang'd, and to the list'ning grove
In plaintive sighs thus mourn'd his hapless love.

"To thee, my THYRSIS, I address the strains,
"Which tell love's anxious cares and tender pains,—
"To thee, whose gen'rous breast, with virtue fraught,
"Scorns each capricious change and sordid thought;— Replete

" Replete with heav'n-born truth, and faithful love,
" Which time nor chance, nor fortune's frown can
move."
Whilst with his strains the list'ning echos rung,
To these sad notes his rural lyre he strung.

" Ye friendly groves! to you I tune my lay;
" Oft in your inmost bow'rs I pass'd the day
" On earth's soft lap:—beneath these arching boughs
" First lovely DORIS deign'd to hear my vows.
" No angry glance deform'd her radiant eyes,
" She check'd my passion with no stern replies;
" But the soft sigh and blush conspir'd to prove
" The beauteous virgin not averse to love.

Then

" Then ev'ry hill resounded with her name,
" And ev'ry tree bore witness of my flame.
" When laughing Flora deck'd the verdant ground,
" Oft has the fragrant wreath her temples crown'd,
" Twin'd by this hand; which the consenting fair
" Still prais'd with winning smiles and courteous air.
" Oft to my pipe in tender strains she sung,
" Whilst the sweet thrush caught music from her tongue.
" Oft her white arms around my neck she threw,
" And in soft accents promis'd to be true;—
" Vow'd time nor fortune's golden baits cou'd move
" Her faithful heart, nor change her constant love.
" Oh! fickle sex! yet now this hand's despis'd,
" Whose meanest gift was once by DORIS priz'd.

" Ye

" Ye friendly groves, resound my plantive strains!
" No more my reed shall cheer the list'ning plains;
" Since faithless DORIS, charm'd with pomp and noise,
" Forsakes these shades, her swain and rural joys.
" Say, perjur'd fair one! can CLITANDER's pow'r
" Sooth the sad heart, or give the tranquil hour?
" When charms, which held this heart in lasting chains,
" Gave life, and joy, and music to my strains,
" Shall fade and languish in his changeful eye,
" And the gay youth thy fond embraces fly;
" When some fresh face shall warm his wav'ring breast,
" Then shalt thou mourn with grief like mine oppress'd.

" When

" When his proud heart shall deem thee a disgrace,
" (A rural maid, and born of humble race)
" Despis'd, and slighted, thy poor heart shall know
" The pangs that suff'ring lovers undergo.

" Ye friendly groves, resound my mournful lay!
" No more my songs shall hail the new-born day.
" DORIS is gone, for ever fled these arms:
" Ye sylvan scenes, no more your beauty charms.
" Ye tuneful choirists, cease your love-fraught strains!
" The notes which sooth'd me, now increase my pains.

" Ye

" Ye flow'ry lawns, where with my love I stray'd,

" From you I fly to seek some gloomy shade,

" Where the forsaken turtle grieves alone,

" Whilst rocks and dells re-echo to her moan.

" There in soft sorrow will I end my days:—

" No more, ye friendly groves, resound my lays!



SONG

SONG.

VAINLY bloom the sweets of spring,
While dejected DELIA mourns,
Summer comes on rosy wing,
But sweet peace no more returns;
Eve still hears the deep-drawn sigh,
Morn still ope's the tear-stain'd eye.

While

While the warblers of the grove
Chant their wild notes thro' the dale,
I relate my hapless love
To the breeze that fans the vale;
Or, on Arrowe's banks reclin'd,
Breathe my sorrows to the wind.

Why alas! does DAMON prove
Faithless to my tender flame?
Why must wretched DELIA love?
Why her heart be still the same?
While the swain inconstant flies,
Slights her tears, and mocks her sighs!

Haste,

Haste, ye muses, to my aid,
Teach me Cupid's pow'r to scorn;
Cheer a suppliant drooping maid,
Inspire my strains, my songs adorn:
Here the cypress wreath I tear,
And henceforth the laurel wear.



ODE

O D E.

THUS CYNTHIA, sprightly, young and gay,
With smiles address'd a blooming swain:—
"ALEXIS, void of art, display,
"What wishes in your bosom reign.

"Say, cou'd you each desire enjoy,
"What scheme of life wou'd you pursue?
"How the revolving hours employ?
"How find delights for ever new?"

The

The swain reply'd,— " No lofty aim
" Exalts my unambitious mind;
" No proud pre-eminence I claim,
" To make me gaz'd at by mankind.

" But wou'd'st thou know the joys I seek,—
" First let gay health, with vivid air,
" Strew her young roses o'er my cheek,
" And guard my breast from ev'ry care.

" Let sweet content, with placid smile,
" Diffuse her influence o'er my heart;
" Let plenty ev'ry want beguile,
" And never from my plains depart.

" But, ah! 'tis thine to crown my joys;
" For health asserts her cheerful reign,
" Content her heav'nly pow'r employs,
" And plenty loads my laughing plain.

" Do thou my fair, with these combine,
" And this my fondest wish approve;
" So shall each heart-felt joy be mine,
" That waits on virtue, peace and love."

ODE

ODE

TO SPRING.

GENTLE Spring, sweet source of joy,
Be thy genial pow'r confest;
Let thy praise my voice employ,
Let thy beauties fire my breast.

Now the tall tree's waving shade
Dances to the vernal gale,
Music issues from the glade,
Streams meander thro' the vale.

Now

Now the humble daisy pied
  Loves on sunny hills to dwell,
While the pebbled brook beside
  Vi'lets paint the mossy dell.

Blithesome skips the wanton fawn,
  Bleating lambkins dance around,
Herds deep lowing o'er the lawn,
  Groves re-echo with the sound.

Scenes like these the Muses love;
  Here fair friendship reigns supreme:
Virtue here delights to rove,
  Far from grandeur's pageant dream.

LINES

LINES

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S

SAMPLER.

WHILE other females tread the giddy rounds
Of what mistaken mortals pleasure style;
May I, restrain'd by virtue's decent bounds,
In useful arts my happy hours beguile.

Oft let my hand th'amusive needle ply,
Oft wake to harmony the trembling string;
Oft with my pencil trace each varying dye
Kind nature pours into the lap of Spring.

And

And let me oft explore the sacred page,
There learn the dire effects of sin and pride;
Be that my stay in youth, support in age,
And may its precepts all my conduct guide.



ODE

ODE

ON THE PEACE.

WRITTEN JANUARY 3rd. 1783.

LONG the bleeding world has groan'd,
Long has madd'ning discord rag'd,
Long have Albion's sons bemoan'd
The hateful war with brothers wag'd.
Bourbon and Belgia aid th'insurgent's claim,
Proud to diminish Britain's envy'd fame.

Unequal

Unequal task! to cope with foreign foes,
While faithless friends at home each scheme oppose,
While children, nurtur'd with maternal care,
Spread for their country the insidious snare,
Disguis'd in patriotism's flaming robe;—
Tho' long they scatter'd firebrands o'er the globe:
Still a brave honest few the cause maintain'd,
And in the people's hearts with their lov'd monarch
reign'd.

RODNEY— oh! name to England ever dear—
Who but must honor, love, revere!
When I hear thy conquests told,
Glory fires me,
Fame inspires me,
E'en a woman's heart grows bold.

ELLIOT

ELLIOT claims an HOMER's strain,

Deathless deeds like his to tell,

Encircled by the boist'rous main,

And stern Iberia's hostile train,

On the drear sterile rock constrain'd to dwell,

With his few friends, a faithful band;—

Firm as Gib'raltar's solid base they stand,

Smiling at the num'rous foes,

That dare their vet'ran arms oppose.

Had ELLIOT rul'd in Troy, the Greeks had fail'd,

Their ten years toil had nought avail'd;

ACHILLES here had fought in vain,

Vainly brav'd the force of Spain;

Where ELLIOT calmly brave succeeds:—

Who can recount his matchless deeds?

Vain were th' attempt each gallant chief to sing,
Who dauntless serv'd his country and his king.
But see! Bellona, cloy'd with carnage, flies,
Bearing her bloody torch to Asia's torrid skies:—
And lo! from yonder azure cloud,
A fair angelic form descends;
Tho' some dark tints her beauties shroud,
Each blessing on her step attends.
The cheerful olive wreaths her brow,
Plenty smiles beneath her eye,
Mars unbends his sanguine bow,
The furies from her presence fly.
'Tis heav'n-born Peace, long wish'd-for guest!
Thrice welcome to this war-worn isle!
Thou bring'st a balm to sooth each breast,
And make dull care and anguish smile.

Beneath

Beneath thy sacred influence benign,
Commerce shall raise her languid head,
Joy in each bright'ning eye shall shine,
Nor industry despair of bread.
'Tis thine, sweet Peace, to bless a mourning land,
And heal a nation's sorrows with thy lenient hand.



ADVICE

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

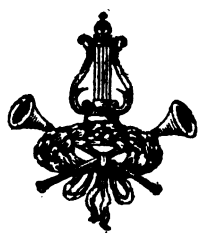
CLOE, cease with plaintive sighing
To lament neglected charms;
Cast away each thought of dying,
Court APOLLO to your arms.

Slight the vain unthinking rover,
Blind to your internal worth;
With your merits bless a lover,
Who despises sparkling earth.

Once

Once love's cruel darts perplex'd me,
I for young ALEXIS sigh'd,
But not long his coldness vex'd me,
Reason prov'd my better guide.

Free from care, I hail the season,
When the sportive Muses smile:
Spite of CUPID and his treason,
With my lyre the hours beguile.



To Miss M——

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

AGAIN the tear bedims MONIMIA's eye,
Again her bosom heaves the painful sigh:
Child of affliction! sorrow's eldest born!
How is thy gentle breast with anguish torn!
Still ere one wound is heal'd, a second blow
Bids the sad stream of grief incessant flow:—

Yet,

Yet, dear MONIMIA, bid the torrent cease,
Thy father's pains are past;— he rests in peace,
Where sorrow, sickness, sin, no more annoy,
But his freed spirit tastes untainted joy.

Then trust in that bless'd pow'r, who wounds to cure;
Whate'er he wills— with pious hope endure:
That hope can ne'er deceive.—Oh! cease to mourn;
Comfort, sweet smiling, will again return.
Tranquil repose thy grief-rent breast shall cheer,
And resignation check the streaming tear.
While guilt and folly lead their giddy train
Thro' scenes thy heart rejects with just disdain,

Be thine, my friend, superior joys to prove,
Joys pure, unmix'd, descending from above,
Beam'd from the throne of mercy light and love.



ODE

O D E,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. HEWAN.*

WHEN gentle eve with soften'd ray,
Succeeding to the sultry day,
With blushing beauty smil'd;
Invited by the cooling breeze,
Light whisp'ring thro' the trembling trees,
And rural prospects mild;

Beneath

**A beautiful Scotch lady (who married an English officer) of the family of Leslies, in Fifeshire; with whom the author had a short but most agreeable intimacy in the year 1766. She wrote with great spirit and elegance, but would indulge no one but her most intimate friends with the sight of her productions.*

Beneath an alder's friendly boughs,
Fast by whose side a streamlet flows,
Sweet murm'ring thro' the vale,
I sat, delighted with the strains,
That echo'd o'er the vocal plains,
And harmonis'd the dale.

When Sleep his nodding poppies spread,
With dew surcharg'd, around my head,
The mandate I obey'd;
When, rob'd in mildly-temper'd light,
A radiant form, divinely bright,
Approach'd the conscious shade.

A wreath of bays and myrtles twin'd,
Her flowing tresses half confin'd,
Shading her beauteous face;

A sweet neglect her dress display'd,

Despising ev'ry foreign aid,

She charm'd with native grace.

" DELIA," she said, "thy song give o'er,

" Thy lays shall soothe the nymphs no more,

" Nor charm the list'ning plain;

" Phœbus to youth alone is kind;

" Then, sparkling wit and fancy join'd,

" Lead on the tuneful train.

" And see, the favor'd of the Nine,

" Where youth and wit and fancy join,

" And judgment reigns supreme;

" The

" The Muses, Graces, Loves conspire
" To warm her breast with genuine fire,
" And dignify each theme.

" From Caledonia's weeping shore
" The beauteous prize blest HEWAN bore
" To Mercia's smiling plains;
" While sad, along Tweed's verdant side,
" And where mild Fortha's waters glide,
" Rove Scotia's sighing swains.

" No more the sweet romantic scene,
" The pine-topp'd hill, and forest green,
" Inspire the cheerful lay;

" On

" On Tiviot's banks forlorn they rove:—
" The pride of Fife, the queen of love,
" Alas! is far away!

" 'Tis she shall charm Britannia's plains,
" 'Tis she in softest sweetest strains
" Shall sing what I inspire:
" Her sprightly elegance and sense
" Shall thro' each happy line dispense
" The true Parnassian fire.

" To her thy lyre now silent yield,
" Haste, hail her to the tuneful field,
" And bid her boldly sing;

" Tell

" Tell her 'tis Phœbus' high command,
" And ev'ry Muse shall teach her hand
" To strike the sweetest string.

" So shall her friendship bid thy name
" Still live in the records of fame,
" While verse has pow'r to charm;
" That potent balm of ev'ry woe,
" That source from which true pleasures flow
" Shall all thy cares disarm."

Then light she touch'd her golden lyre,—
Angelic notes from ev'ry wire
Struck thro' my ravish'd soul:

Oh!

Oh! may my HEWAN kindly deign
To smile on this unpolish'd strain,
For she inspir'd the whole.



THE

THE DEATH OF MARY,

IN SEQUEL TO MARY'S DREAM OR SANDY'S GHOST.

WHEN SANDY's pale ghost had appear'd,
And told gentle MARY his doom,
Oppress'd by the fate she had fear'd,
By twilight she left her sad room.
The sea-beech, despairing, she sought,
Where SANDY at parting had press'd
His faith on her heart's inmost thought,
As he clasp'd her sweet form to his breast.

The

The east-wind blew bleak to the shore,
The surges roll'd mountainous high:
Unmov'd by the tempest's loud roar,
Or the torrents that pour'd from the sky,
With meek resignation she cry'd;—
"I come, my lov'd SANDY, I come:
"In death we shall soon be ally'd,
"And sleep in the same wat'ry tomb."

The raven with heart-chilling note
Shriek'd hideous, the light'ning glar'd bright;—
When lo! on a wave came afloat
Her SANDY all ghastly to sight:

She bent o'er his pale breathless clay;—

"I come, my dear SANDY!" she cry'd,

"With joy I thy summons obey."

Then clasp'd her cold lover and died.

DOWN THE BOURN.

DOWN the bourn and thro' the mead,
When April buds bestrew'd the plain,
Youthful MARY blithesome sped,
In hopes to meet her faithful swain.
She of Fortha's banks the pride,
And her JOHNNY,
Brae and bonny,
Was the boast of Tweed's fair side.
Down the bourn and thro' the mead,
When April buds bestrew'd the plain,

Youthful

Youthful MARY blithesome sped,
In hopes to meet her faithful swain.

MARY's cheeks were rosy red,
And MARY's eyne were sapphire blue;
But what were these to MARY's heart,
Which falshood, pride or guilt ne'er knew?
Wide the fields her flocks o'erspread,
Skipp'd o'er mountains,
Play'd by fountains,
And each night to fold were led.
Down the bourn and thro' the mead,
When April buds bestrew'd the plain,
Youthful MARY blithesome sped,
In hopes to meet her faithful swain,

JOHNNY's

JOHNNY's fields alas! were small,
And JOHNNY's flocks were eke but few,
But JOHNNY's form was straight and tall,
And JOHNNY's heart was kind and true.
MARY scorn'd the glare of wealth;
With her JOHNNY,
Brae and bonny,
All she wish'd was peace and health.
Down the bourn and thro' the mead,
When April buds bestrew'd the plain,
Youthful MARY blithesome sped,
And joyful met her faithful swain.

THE

THE

SELF-EXILED MINSTREL.

WHERE CLYDE's clear stream descends from
ERRICK hills
MACGOWAN's time-worn honor'd castle stands;
Whose gothic grandeur each beholder fills
With pleasing awe; and from surrounding lands
Its owner's ancient right of fealty demands.

There Phœbus smil'd upon my humble birth,
And taught my hand to touch the tuneful reed,

Inspi-

Inspir'd my soul with harmony;— whilst mirth
Sat blinking in my eyne;— the flocks to feed
Was all my youthful joy, my master's praise my
meed.

His favor took me from my fleecy care,
And bade me with my wild notes wake the morn;
In his high hall th' heart-stirring song prepare,
In concert with the flute and loud-ton'd horn,
And bade on evening gales the cheerful strains
be borne.

How blest my lot!— till twenty summers roll'd
Smoothly away, and brought on manhood's
prime;

When

When cares unknown before, and griefs untold,
O'erwhelm'd my soul, and made me rue the time,
When first I tun'd my pipe to OSSIAN's lays sublime.

For oh! MACGOWAN's daughter, Scotland's boast,
Each day with added graces fir'd my breast;
Of all her high-born dames the fav'rite toast,
(And as the fairest, so was she the best,)
Robb'd all my days of peace, my nights of balmy rest.

My cheek grew wan, my trembling hand no more
Cou'd trill the note, no more my bosom glow'd At

At tale of ancient Bard, or friendly lore:
Deep throbb'd the sigh, the tear incessant flow'd,
And tasteless grew each gift all-bounteous heav'n
bestow'd.

At length a noble youth, struck with her charms,
In lordly state MACGOWAN'S castle sought;
In person elegant, renown'd in arms,
In all that wins the fair's affections taught,
His heart with ev'ry grace and manly virtue
fraught.

Tho' hope had ne'er found entrance in my breast,
The sight of DOUGLAS doubled ev'ry pain;

Each

Each day, each night afflictions sorer press'd;
To hide, or to disclose my grief were vain;
Despair weigh'd down my soul, and madness fir'd
my brain.

When thro' the woods the wild winds whistled loud,
When rustling leaves in storms around me flew,
Red light'nings glar'd from ev'ry murky cloud,
And horror on each once-lov'd object threw,—
At dead of night I bade my honor'd home adieu.

Far, far I wander'd hopeless and forlorn,
O'er many a desert drear, and forest wild,
Oppress'd with poverty, fatigue and scorn;
For who, alas! with manners gently mild,
Softens the ruthless sorrows of misfortune's child?

Not long I ween this weary life can last;
Some friendly cot may open to my woes,
Screen my poor death-chill'd limbs from the keen blast:
Its pitying tenant may my eye-lids close,
And under the cold sod my long long griefs repose.



SPRING,

A SONG.

SPRING, her gentle reign resuming,
Bids reviving nature smile;
On her genial pow'r presuming,
Man renews his pleasing toil;
Pleas'd he sees the verdure springing,
Pleas'd the rising crop attends,
Jocund, some rude carol singing,
With delight his labour blends.

Hark! the tuneful wood-lark, trilling,
Pours the sweetly-varied strain,

While the choral blackbird's filling
With his notes the distant plain:
Hear the stock-dove softly cooing
From yon love-inspiring grove;
He his tender mate is wooing
In pathetic notes of love.

Beauties, ev'ry where surrounding,
Ravish the beholding eye,
Blessings, ev'ry where abounding,
Fill the heart with grateful joy.
All the works of fair creation,
Which the HAND DIVINE displays,
Rapt in grateful emulation,
Hymn th'Almighty Sovereign's praise.

ON THE AUTHOR's HUSBAND

DESIRING HER TO WRITE

SOME VERSES.

VERSES, my Love! as soon cou'd I
Without a wing or feather fly:
My head, with other matters fraught,
No more attempts poetic thought:—
Yet, as I hold your sov'reign sway,
In spite of genius I obey.

Ye Muses, aid me to explore
The shadowy grots, and mountain's hoar;

Where

Where ye your tuneful influence shed,—
And twine with bays your poet's head.

ERATO hears my invocation,—
My bosom glows with inspiration,—
Instant the fairy scenes appear,
Pierian sounds salute my ear:—
CONNUBIAL LOVE! enchanting theme!
Sweet subject of my muse-rapt dream,
To thee I consecrate my lays,
And thus my heart pours forth thy praise.

Blest state! by gracious heav'n design'd
To soothe our passions into peace,

To twine in union sweet the kindred mind,
Th'endearing ties of social life to bind
In chains so strong, yet soft, they but with life
can cease.

The mutual int'rest all reserve disclaiming,
The scheme of pleasure each for other framing,
The kindling transports of parental love,
Which the sweet smiles of innocence can move,
Are thine alone, O HYMEN! to bestow,
Which hearts that do not feel them cannot know:—
——But hark!—my darling infant cries,
And each poetic fancy flies.

AN

AN INVITATION

IN SPRING.

NOW gentle Spring resumes her sway,
And bids the tenants of the grove
Pour their sweet notes from ev'ry spray,
And carol forth the song of love.

Now, MYRA, haste to grace our plains,
Thy smiles will brighten ev'y scene,
Give melody to all our strains,
And add fresh verdure to to the green.

TO

TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE chirping, cheerful thing,
Say, for what cause do mortals fear thee?
Canst not thou thy vespers sing,
Blithe as the birds that wake the spring,
But we suspect misfortune's near thee?

Cricket, raven, bat and owl,
Idly deem'd of ills foretellers,
Or the dog that haps to howl,
Draw each forehead to a scowl,
And shake with fear the cottage dwellers.

Folly

Folly, say, did not the hand
That form'd us all, form these dread creatures?
Each link in nature's chain was scann'd,
And universal fitness plann'd
Throughout creation's countless features.

Sure the voice that nature gave,
Expresses nature's pure sensation,
Be it shrill, or hoarse and grave
As surges that the sea-beach lave;—
Then who shall frown disapprobation?

Little chirping, cheerful thing,
Sing as thou art wont to sing.

LINES

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

On seeing her wear a Bosom Pin,

PRESENTED HER BY A GENTLEMAN.

WHY does this pin ELVIRA's bosom grace?
Is it bscause ALEXIS gave the toy?
Ah! thoughtless nymph, beware, nor give it place,
Lest it thy sweet tranquillity destroy.

The sparkling crystal may attract thine eyes,
But oh! the point may act as CUPID's dart,
And, while to decency it aid supplies,
May thro' thy handkerchief transpierce thy heart.

ODE

ODE.

NOW Summer from Britannia flies
To her lov'd seat, where smile the eastern ſkies;
Where flow'rs in sweet succession blow,
Where limpid streams no icy fetters know;
No rattling northern blast disturbs the vales,
But ev'ry morning dawns on rosy dales.

How diff'rent is our western coast,
Where reign the rigid pow'rs of storm and frost,

Where

Where wintry Boreas blasts the shades,
Strips the dun grove, and howls along the glades,
Scaring the wood-nymphs to the secret cell,
Where in a torpid state, till Spring returns, they
dwell.

Already FLORA is withdrawn
From the cold mountain and the faded lawn;
Already has the reaper's hand
Gather'd the golden produce of the land:
POMONA only sheds a parting smile,
And with her latent fruits still lingers in our isle.

Now thro' the leafless woods the bleak winds roar,
And foaming surges lash the sounding shore:
All pale the mariner appears,
While yielding to the storm, his bark he steers

Where

Where waves and storms direct his course,
Too weak to stem their complicated force:
Till He who to the boist'rous wave,
Such ruthless rage, such matchless terrors gave,
With awful voice commands the storm to cease;—
Again creation smiles, and all again is peace.



ELEGY

ELEGY,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. HEWAN.

LET others glory in fond fortune's smile,
The glare of wealth, the pageantry of pow'r,—
For glitt'ring dross endure such painful toil,
And give to pallid care the midnight hour:

Let the brave hero, by ambition fir'd,
Boast high atchievements in th'embattled field,
'Mid groves of spears, and hosts of foes untir'd,
His gleaming sword, or deathful faulchion wield:

Let

Let the loud trumpet speak each martial deed,
The laurel's freshest bough his temples crown;
Gallia subdu'd, his grateful country freed,
His name invok'd by bards of fair renown:

Let the dark statesman plan his airy schemes,
And wrap in mystic shades each deep design;
With pow'r unbounded gild his flatt'ring dreams,
And sacrifice his peace at PLUTUS' shrine:

Let the gay nymph, whom fortune's golden smile
Allures to ev'ry elegant delight,
With festive mirth her frolic hours beguile,
And rove where splendor's glitt'ring scenes invite:

Be mine along the calm sequester'd vale
Of humble life to keep my silent way,
Stranger to fame's inconstant soothing tale,
Pour forth my unpremeditated lay.

When sober ev'ning draws her shadowy vest,
Bath'd in refreshing dews, o'er hill and plain,
When the rough sons of toil retire to rest,
And Philomel resumes her plaintive strain;

With thee, sweet ETHELINDA, let me stray,
By Cynthia's silv'ry light, thro' lawn and grove,
Where the cool current marks its mazy way,
Or hold sweet converse in some green alcove.

'Tis

'Tis thine, fair friend, to bless the social hour;

Thy breast, (the seat of virtue, peace and joy)

Can teach the Muse her lenient balm to pour,

And yield those pleasures that can never cloy.



STANZAS

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR,

By Mr. H. F. CARY.

DOOM not to dark oblivion's shade thy lays,
Fearful of censure, or averse to fame;
In vain does genius grant her native rays,
Unless the world behold and own the flame.

The lovliest flow'r with useless beauty glows,
"That wastes its sweetness on the desert air,"
The public eye alone its worth bestows,
When seen it blooms more fragrant and more fair.

To

To Mr. CARY,

IN REPLY.

THANKS to the gen'rous Bard who wou'd
inspire
With confidence a timid female mind,
Which doubts the influence of poetic fire,
Whose traits by nature only are design'd.

Fearful alike of censure or of fame,
In sweet oblivion's peace she loves to rest,
If partial friends approve the lambent flame,
She deems herself superlatively blest.

On

On Tenglio's banks the fairest roses bloom,
Uncropp'd, untainted by invidious hands,
To the soft breeze they yield their rich perfume,
And pour their fragrance o'er rejoicing lands.

E'en so my simple Muse delights to rove,
Screen'd by obscurity from blame or praise,
Yet blest if she from the sequester'd grove
To merit's wreath can add one leaf of bays.

WRITTEN IN SPRING 1764.

HAIL, gentle SPRING! thy first approach I hail:
Soon thy green vest shall deck the dreary dale;
Thy genial beams shall bid the tim'rous flow'r
Rear its fair bud, and sip the vernal show'r.
Soon shall the purple vi'let paint the meads,
And fragrant cowslips raise their golden heads:
The woodbine bow'r its clust'ring sweets shall yield,
And spicy-bosom'd blooms grace ev'ry field,
Soon shall the sky-lark pour his various notes,
While emulation swells a thousand throats.

Soon

Soon shall the linnet tune his voice to love,
And the gay goldfinch chant thro' evry grove.
Soon shall each bending branch, with chaplets hung,
Dance to the shepherd's pipe and virgin's song.
The limpid stream, loos'd from harsh Winter's chains,
Shall murmur to the music of the plains.
Dull care from Arrowe's banks shall wing her way,
And all creation hail returning May.



SONG

SONG.

ALL in vain, fond youth, you woo me,
DAPHNE's heart no vows can move;
While with flatt'ry you pursue me,
Say, can I believe you love?

Talk no more of darts and anguish,
Rose and lily's short-liv'd bloom;
Soon the charms, for which you languish,
Age will fade and death consume.

Wou'd

Wou'd you gain my approbation,
  Nobly dare to be sincere;
Let esteem take place of passion,
  DAPHNE then your vows may hear.

Virtuous friendship may endear you,
  When love's transient ardors die;
List'ning reason, pleas'd, will hear you,
  When those idle visions fly.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR A FAVOURITE ACTRESS,

AND SPOKEN ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,

At Walsall.

TO ev'ry face I see my thanks are due:
But chiefly, ladies, they belong to you.
Your pow'rful influence, howe'er exerted,
Will never fail;—you ne'er can be deserted:—
Your eyes, like central suns, around you draw
Attendant planets,—and your nod is law.
Your smiles are sunshine, and your frowns are frost,
As many a love-sick swain finds to his cost:—

Then

Then who wou'd dare dispute your least commands,
If e'er he hop'd for favour from your hands?
There is, 'tis true, a hapless stubborn race
Of batchelors, who all our sex debase,—
Say we are whimsical, capricious, vain;
And paint of follies an enormous train
Which have existence only in their brain.
This curious system they maintain till fifty,—
During which season they are wond'rous thrifty,—
Count all th'expences of a married life,
And of all animals detest a wife.
When lo! some youthful Gillian, Madge or Betty
Assails their doating eyes with airs so pretty,
They quite forget the prudent youthful scheme,—
And take a wife who breaks the golden dream.

Peace

Peace to all such! dear ladies, let them rest:—
But—when you meet a youth whose gen'rous breast
With genuine love and true esteem is fraught,
Cherish the pleasing passion as you ought:—
With brow austere nip not the op'ning bloom,
Nor on your beauty's pow'r too much presume;—
Nor yet too cheaply yield the woo'd consent,
Lest the inconstant leave you to repent:—
But tread the middle path to HYMEN's fane,
Where, blest and blessing, long may you remain
Patterns of virtue,—free from care and strife,
Possess'd of ev'ry joy that sweetens life.

Ye gen'rous patrons of our mimic art,
Accept the tribute of a grateful heart.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the HUSBAND of the ACTRESS who delivered the preceding one, a few nights afterwards; when a Play was performed for the benefit of a person in distress.

OF late to me, and to my dearer part,
Your lib'ral kindness touch'd my grateful heart.
To night superior praise is justly due;—
To sympathetic pity ever true—
We thro' each glist'ning eye can trace a soul,
Like the touch'd needle, trembling to the pole.
Accept such thanks as wou'd your breasts o'erflow,
Were you oppress'd with sickness, care and woe,—

With-

With-held by decent pride from making known
To hearts unfeeling,— sorrows all your own ;—
Then were reliev'd by bounteous hands, unask'd,—
With cringing mean servility untask'd :——
——Such thanks I offer :—may your bosoms know
That high sensation, that luxurious glow,
Which gen'rous actions thro' the frame diffuse,
Sweet as to fading flow'rs refreshing dews:
Whilst he, to whom this gen'rous aid is giv'n,
Will never raise his grateful mind to heav'n,
But he will supplicate that heav'n to bless
Your days with peace, your wishes with success.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

OCCASIONED BY A PARTY OF THE AUTHOR'S YOUNG FRIENDS BEING ACCUSTOMED TO WALK TOO LATE IN THE AUTUMNAL EVENINGS UNDER A ROW OF ANCIENT SYCAMORES.

THESE trees, that now their aged heads upreat,
In days of yore were to my care consign'd,
When from their small stems branches 'gan t'appear,
Ere name or love-knot mark'd their tender rind.

My

My task to guard them from the nipping blast,
To nurse their verdure with maternal care;
And, if their growth to future times shou'd last,
Enjoy their shade, and in their honours share.

How each improvement round this ancient cot,
Each fresh-rear'd tree, each smiling flow'r that blooms,
And gives new beauties to my fav'rite spot,
Thickens my shades, or adds to my perfumes,

Exalts my ev'ry pow'r! my spirits rise;—
Superlative delight enwraps my soul:
Tho' fixt to earth, my mind ascends the skies,
And flies with ecstacy from pole to pole.

How

How am I blest at morn or ev'ning hours,
When blithe I trip unseen from shade to shade;
To hear soft music warbled in my bow'rs,
Or the shrill minstrel echo thro' the glade:

Or on the turf beneath my quiv'ring boughs,
To see the nimble dancers lightly bound,
While innocence and mirth enwreathe their brows,
And their hearts answer to the viol's sound.

For ever sacred be this rural scite
To sweet domestic harmony and peace!
May each revolving year bring new delight!
May health still bloom and happiness increase!

But

But lo! th'autumnal skies begin to low'r,
Bleak EURUS bids my vernal honours fly;
From murky clouds descends the chilling show'r,
And each gay prospect fades beneath the eye.

Now close I shrink within my fav'rite tree,
Nor, tho' immortal, dare grim Winter's rage;
Ye sons of Earth, let this a caution be;—
So may you haply gain a good old age.

WARNING.

In wintry months ne'er breathe the morning air,
Nor to your wonted bow'rs at eve repair;
If noon-tide Phœbus smile, beneath his ray
Catch the bright moment, and improve the day:

But

But when dark clouds from liquid skies depend.
When fogs arise, or freezing rimes descend ;
Then let the cheerful hearth and blazing fire
Unbend the mind, and social mirth inspire.
So shall succeeding springs behold you blest,
And SYCAMORIA take her Winter's rest.



A SCOTCH

PASTORAL.

SOFT breath'd the gale, and mild the sun-beams
play'd
Thro' the tall pines that LEVEN's banks o'er-shade;
When SANDY, pride of Fife, dejected lay,
Blind to the beauties of the vernal day;
All sad, with unrequited passion torn,
Beneath a cheerless, leafless, blighted thorn,
In broken sighs utt'ring his sad soul's grief,
Bereft of hope's bright beam, despairing of relief.

Thus

Thus mourn'd the youth:— "O! love, beneath thy pow'r

"How my poor heart drags on the ling'ring hour!

"The blithesome morn to me no pleasure brings,

"No balm to me drops from night's dewy wings;

"By MARY's stern disdain and scorn oppress'd,

"Despair and anguish rend my tortur'd breast.

"O! MARY, why does ev'ry blooming grace

"Deck thy fair form, and revel in thy face?

"Why shine thine eyes with heav'n's etherial blue,

"Why glow thy cheeks with nature's liveliest hue,

"Whilst thy cold heart, in icy fetters bound,

"No sighs can soften, no complaints can wound?

"Thy breast resembles Hecla's frozen snows,

"Whilst oh! in mine its dire volcano glows,

"Preys

" Preys on my vitals, fires my aching brain,
" Steals from my sheep their guide, and from the
grove my strain.
" Ah! what avails it that the rural throng
" With rapture late wou'd listen to my song?
" That village maids for me their chaplets wove?
" That village youths to gain my friendship strove?
" That on each festive day my sprightly strain
" Call'd the light dancers to the daisied plain;
" And, bounding like the roe on Fortha's side,
" I led the reel, my bonny pipe their guide?
" Now moping, listless, wan, I haunt the dell,
" And to the blasted pines my sad heart's sorrows
tell.

" Ah!

" Ah! MARY, why did thy enchanting smile
" Cherish my flame and my fond heart beguile?
" Why did my garland grace thy flowing hair?
" Why on thy breast my nosegay bloom more fair?
" Had'st thou those trivial gifts of love refus'd,
" I might have griev'd,—but cou'd not have accus'd:
" But the sweet love-fraught smile my soul subdu'd,
" And in that smile love's kindl'ing flame I view'd.
" Oh! light as winds and waves, thy changeful mind,
" As Plutus points, veers with th'inconstant wind.
" Mildew'd my corn appears, my flock declines,
" And round my once fair fields misfortune pines:
" Whilst in the pride of beauty's transient bloom,
" On wealthier lovers proudly you presume.

" Be your desires fulfill'd,—but know, false fair,

" Wealth in its train shall bring remorse and care:

" And whilst on Leven's banks forlorn I stray,

" Wasting in fruitless plaints my youth away,

" Thou with ten thousand added griefs shalt mourn,

" A richer lover's broken vows and scorn."



LINES

LINES ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN,

ON HEARING HIM ASK A YOUNG LADY WHAT LOVE WAS.

[TO WHICH SHE RETURNED HIM NO ANSWER.]

SINCE SYLVIA to answer your question declines,
Permit one much older to speak in her stead,
And if you're not pleas'd with the subsequent lines,
Say crotchets and whims have perverted her head.

In the different sexes love claims no relation;
Tho' how to explain it, in truth, I scarce know:
In the gentlemen folly, self-love, dissipation,
As either prevails, prompts the nonsense to flow.

You

You have read in romance, how poor girls have
been cheated
By lovers and heroes in author's brains hatch'd;
By florid descriptions, and vanity heated,
You think those exploits by your own shall be
match'd.

Some nymph, whom your eye from the throng has
selected,
You fancy wou'd soften the cares of your life,
Make a good upper servant, of fraud ne'er suspected,
Obedient and humble when once commenc'd wife.

Then you summon your forces, and open the
batt'ry;
Soft looks, kind attentions at firk speak the flame;
From

From these you proceed to complaints, sighs and
flatt'ry,
With fifty fine things which the Muse cannot name.

By vanity dup'd, the fond nymph, all believing,
Thinks your peace, nay your life must depend
on her eye;—
Can those looks, sighs and tears be e'er feign'd for
deceiving?
What pity a youth so deserving shou'd die!

To be cruel and kill the dear man who adores her—
Ah! who to compassion cou'd be so estrang'd?
No, she'll sooth all his sorrows next time he im-
plores her,
And all his complaints shall to transports be
chang'd.

Her

Her nature so gentle, her bosom so tender,
She grieves that an insect shou'd e'er suffer pain,
And her life she will dedicate, happy to render
This faithful, affectionate, love-stricken swain:—

So they wed;— she expecting that times will ne'er alter;
He, thinking to lord it as soon as he can,
Begins to command,— her good purposes falter,
And she vows she'll ne'er give up her will to a man.

Thus cheating and cheated, they scold, storm and squabble,
Each cursing the day they unhappily met,

The

The grief of their friends, and the jest of the rabble,
Now torpid with gloom, and now glowing with
pet.

Such, such is the love by which crowds are united,
And such are the humours that part them again,
The pure torch of HYMEN for them was ne'er lighted
But PLUTUS and FOLLY constructed the chain.

True love must be founded on virtue and reason,
On tempers congenial, and passions subdu'd;
Then blessing and bless'd in each varying season,
The union thro' life will with rapture be view'd.

WILLIAM AND *SUSAN.*

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1784.

SUSAN.

WHEN first my WILLIAM plough'd the main,
Tho' woo'd by many a youthful swain,
I shunn'd their sports, I fled the plain,
And sought the gloom-wrapt grove:
There sigh'd away the noon-tide hours,
There dew'd with tears the closing flow'rs,
And there, besought heav'n's pitying pow'rs
To bless my absent love.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM.

When, rous'd by glory's call, I sped
To meet BRITANNIA's foes;
Where ELLIOT fought, or RODNEY led,
What fears cou'd interpose?
No fears, but lest my tender SUE
Shou'd give to love, what was to honor due.

SUSAN.

To love at first I gave my heart,
Till by thy brave example fir'd,
I bade each selfish thought depart;
And, by my country's wrongs inspir'd,
Wish'd thou victorious might'st return,
Or I sleep with thee in the peaceful urn.

WILLIAM.

Then kindly receive thy fond lover, dear SUE,
Tho' wounded his limbs, yet his heart's sound and
true,

SUSAN.

Thy heart sound and true, is as much as I ask,
And to aid thy weak limbs shall henceforth be my
task,
Glorious wounds, receiv'd before!
How my hero I adore!
Fighting in his country's cause,
Bleeding to protect her laws!
With ELLIOT, RODNEY, DIGBY, dear to fame,
May future times entwine my WILLIAM's name.

BOTH,

BOTH.

From such gallant leaders what Briton can flinch,
While British blood boils in each vein?
Tho' certain his body must fall inch by inch,
By cannon-ball, grape-shot or chain.
But Peace brings us rest: may prosperity show'r
Her blessings on each gallant soul!
And when fresh wars burst forth, may our brave vet'rans pour
British thunders from thence to the pole!

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MISS MELLON,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A BRITISH SOLDIER'S WIFE,

After a play performed at Walsall, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the soldiers and sailors who should die or be killed during the war. 1793.

WHEN anarchy and dire confusion rise,
Braving with horrid rage both earth and skies;
When faction, arm'd with sophistry, presumes
To boast bright liberty her breast illumes;
How many honest unsuspecting hearts
May be deceiv'd by her seductive arts!

Happy

Happy this isle! where genuine freedom reigns;
Where genuine patriots scorn mock freedom's
chains;
Whose dauntless sons ne'er fear to meet a foe,
Yet have a tear for ev'ry tale of woe:
Who glow with ardor for their country's weal,
But shrink with horror at the murd'rer's steel:
Who'd sooner die than rear th'assasin's knife
Against a bishop's, king's or woman's life.

To one of these brave lads I gave my hand:
Heav'ns! with what courage does his breast expand:
Kind, honest soul!— when from these arms he
parted,
He cry'd,—"My POLL, don't grieve and be down-
hearted;

"My

" My king and country call me from my dear,

" But thy lov'd image will I cherish here:

" I fight in thine, and in Britannia's cause,

" For love, religion, liberty and laws:

" Fir'd with affection for my native land,

" This arm cou'd thousands of base French withstand."

He said, and hasted to the vet'ran crew,

Whose hearts were, like his own, stout, kind and true.

Since his departure, how these eyes o'erflow

With a sad wife's and mother's mingled woe!

Lest, robb'd of all my aching breast holds dear,

I shed in chilling want the bitter tear!

But

But this bright circle calms the rising sigh,
And cheering beams smile in each radiant eye.

Ye truly gen'rous, patriotic fair,
Who to our hapless case extend your care,
For you our soldiers ev'ry nerve shall strain,
And England's foes bestrew th'ensanguin'd plain.
For you, to heav'n our grateful pray'rs shall rise,
That ev'ry happiness beneath the skies
May bloom around your brows, whose tender care
Preserves the wretched widow from despair.

SON-

SONNET,

ON REMOVING A BAY-TREE

From a Northern to a Southern aspect.

LONG, much-lov'd tree, thy tender stem has
borne
Th'ungenial influence of the northern blast;—
Oft the keen hail thy glossy leaves has torn,
No lucid beam cheer'd thee at op'ning morn;
Thy Winter bleak, thy Summer sunless past,
But in a happier scite thy lot shall now be cast.

Shel-

Shelter'd from blighting winds, on thee shall smile
Th'effulgent radiance of the rising day;
Refreshing dews be thine, and richest soil,
(O! might such blessings crown thy planter's toil)
And southern breezes 'mid thy foliage play,
Enrich thy fragrant breath and make thy green
more gay;
And lib'ral shalt thou yield th'unfading bough,
Where genius blooms, to wreath the honor'd brow.



To Mrs. C——

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

PERMIT a friend unemulous of bays,
Unskill'd in compliment, unus'd to praise,
Her kindest, truest wishes to impart,
Not by the head devis'd, but glowing from the heart.

May the propitious morn, whose orient ray,
(When, with your hand, you gave your heart away)
Smil'd on the union, to your final hour
Be brightest deem'd, and Hymen's sacred pow'r

Still

Still hail'd with genuine joy.—when grief and pain
Assail with all their dire afflictive train,
May fond affection, nervous sense and art
Health to your frame, peace to your mind impart!

As the perennial myrtle's cheerful green
Smiles 'mid the ravage of the wintry scene,
As the sweet rose, tho' faded, still retains
The fragrant breath that redoliz'd the plains;
So in life's winter may you, happy pair,
Th'unfading joys of virtuous friendship share.

ELEGY

ELEGY.

HOW sweet was once the museful dream,
When on fair Arrowe's banks I rov'd,
Caught the soft murmur of the stream,
And told the list'ning gales I lov'd!

(Ah! dang'rous sport! to mock a pow'r
Whose reign extends from pole to pole,
Who, in some all-decisive hour,
Bends to his sov'reign sway the haughtiest soul!)

Then

Then smiling plenty's lib'ral hand
Enrich'd my fields and bless'd my bow'r;
Then bright-ey'd hope, with aspect bland,
Led on each sweetly-varying hour.

Now time, and grief, and cank'ring care
(A direful train) have press'd me sore;
And, hovering round me, black despair
Points to some cheerless dreary shore,

Where my poor sea-beat shatter'd bark
To winds and waves must fall a prey;
And, sinking in oblivion dark,
Forget th'enliv'ning beams of day:—

Forget that fancy's vivid glow
  Once brighten'd ev'ry rising morn,
Bade ev'ry flowret fairer blow,
  And deck'd with gems each dewy thorn.

Oh! cou'd oblivion's friendly draught
  Sooth all my sorrows to repose!
Nor that intruder,— restless thought,
  Renew my agonizing woes!

Then, all unconscious of the past,
  The present hour might calmly glide;
Keen retrospect no more be cast
  O'er life's tempestuous changeful tide.

Yet

Yet heav'n, to all its creatures kind,
With peace can gild the deepest gloom;
And, 'mid misfortune's wrecks, the mind
May sweet serenity assume.

The clean, the homely russet stole
Can shield me from the chilling blast;
The clay-form'd dish, or beechen bowl
Can hold my wholesome plain repast.

What tho' the humble, thatch-roof'd cot,
Near some lone heath, conceal my woes;
Be conscious rectitude my lot,
And sound will be my short repose.

When

When early dawn peeps from the east,
And calls me to my daily toil,
With strength renew'd by balmy rest,
I o'er the hard-earn'd mite may smile;

And proudly cast a pitying eye
On many a gaudy child of pow'r,
Who ne'er to misery gave a sigh,
Nor sought affliction's secret bow'r,

Where the lorn widow's grief-rent breast,
To heav'n alone pours forth its woes,
Where virtue droops, by wrongs oppress'd,
And anguish no cessation knows.

Whose

Whose callous heart, with sordid aim,
Finds all its joys in heaps of gold,
Deaf to the helpless ſuff'rer's claim,
To pity's ſoft ſenſations cold.

Who can behold without remorſe
A hard-rack'd tenant's care-worn face,
Whilſt his high-pamper'd dogs and horſe
Are glutted for the barb'rous chaſe.

Tho' no black-letter'd page of law
To infamy the wretch conſigns,
Yet conſcience ſtrikes with trembling awe,
And the ſick ſoul 'mid ſplendor pines.

The pompous dome, the warbling lyre,
The gurgling rill, the daisied lawn,
The high arch'd grove, the woodland choir,
The bleating flock, the playful fawn,

In vain their varied charms display,
Where the bad heart denies access;
Dark gloom involves the brightest day,
And vainly smiles each sweet recess.

Domestic feuds or public strife
Attend him with resistless pow'r,
Tho' wearied with the load of life,
The suff'rer dreads the final hour.

Be bread, content and peace my lot,
Till the last happy morn shall rise,
That wafts me from my humble cot
To the blest regions of the skies.



HYMN,

SUNG BY THE CHARITY CHILDREN

At WALSALL.

DAUGHTER of celestial birth,
Bright-rob'd CHARITY, descend;
With thy radiance cheer the earth,
Thy sweet influence extend:
Teach the tender breast to glow,
Bid the willing hand bestow.

Hear the meek-ey'd nymph intreat,
Nor her pleadings disregard,

In

In a cause so good and great,
Where so ample's the reward:
Sons of affluence, freely give,
Tenfold blessings you'll receive.

See the helpless infant band,
Born to penury and grief,
Raise the supplicating hand
To your bounty for relief:
Let them not in vain implore,
While you grasp the useless store.

If 'tis charity to shroud
Shiv'ring limbs from Winter's cold;

If, when hunger cries aloud,
You the morsel can't withold;
How much more divine to give
Alms that teach the soul to live!

May we, by your tender care
Rescu'd from the sinful throng,
Still address the grateful pray'r,
Still attune the pious song,—
For the bounteous friends that give
Alms that teach the soul to live!

MORNING HYMN,

SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION OF WALSALL.

I.

TO God, who reigns supreme above,
Let us our grateful homage pay;
With pious joy and fervent love,
O! let us hail this sacred day!

II.

Accept, O Lord, the pray'rs that rise
From contrite hearts, tho' weak, sincere;
May they, as incense, mount the skies,
And meet thy kind acceptance there!

Still

III.

Still let us bless thy holy name
For mercies ev'ry hour bestow'd;
Till kindled with seraphic flame,
Our souls explore thy bright abode.

IV.

There, with incessant hymns of joy,
Thy sov'reign goodness we'll adore,
Where pleasures flow without alloy,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.

EVENING HYMN.

SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION OF WALSALL.

I.

O Lord, before thy awful throne,
Again our souls in duty bend;
To thee our wants and woes are known,
To us thy pow'rful aid extend.

II.

Direct our hearts to sing thy praise
In concert with the heav'nly choir:
Let love divine inflame our lays,
And gratitude the strain inspire!

Thy

III.

Thy goodness call'd us forth to light,
Thy bounteous hand our life sustains,
Thou guid'st us thro' the gloom of night,
Where dangers threat, where terror reigns.

IV.

O! lead us by thy saving grace,
Through life's deceitful thorny way,
Till we appear before thy face,
In the bright realms of endless day.

To

To Mr. D——

ON HIS FIFTEENTH WEDDING DAY.

As the revolving year from out his urn
Casts the auspicious morn that made me thine,
May our fond hearts with fresh affection burn,
Nor with our ebbing life our loves decline.

Ne'er may ambition haunt our humble dome,
Nor avarice her baleful influence shed,
But sweet content and competence still roam
Where'er our steps by providence are led.

May

May gracious Heav'n our tender offspring bless!
In pure religion's paths may they proceed!
Pleas'd, in the calm sequester'd vale's recess,
To practise virtue and receive its meed.

But if in busier scenes their lots are cast,
From vice and folly may their lives be free;
That no sad retrospect of actions past
May make them dread their final hour to see.

If they at HYMEN's sacred altar bow,
May they, like her who tunes this artless lay,
Still bless the hour when Heav'n enroll'd the vow,
And joyful celebrate each nuptial day.

SON-

SONNET

TO TIME.

O TIME! can e'er thy lenient hand assuage
The sorrows rankling in this aching breast?
Can'st thou e'er sooth these heart-felt pangs to rest?
And with Lethean drop blot mem'ry's faithful page?

For common griefs I know thou hast a charm,
And from the throbbing breast steal'st many a groan,
Utter'd beneath the moon's pale gleam alone;
And many a wayward care thou canst disarm.

But

But much I fear thy friendly pow'r will fail
To heal the wounds this tortur'd bosom feels;
For mem'ry ev'ry hour new cause reveals,
Why woes incessant shou'd this breast assail:
Then how, O! how can this poor heart know peace,
Where sorrows with each added hour increase!

SONNETS, &c.

SONNETS, &c.

THE FOLLOWING SONNETS &c. MARKED WITH ASTERISKS WERE WRITTEN BY TWO YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE AUTHOR,

* DESPONDENCY.

ILLUSIVE joys! which fancy drew,
Alas! I bid you all adieu!
Bright fancy now no longer charms,
No more her fire this bosom warms;
With hope, with peace, she flies from me,
The prey of dark DESPONDENCY.

Ah!

Ah! why did Hope with flatt'ring tale
My fond believing heart assail?—
Teach it to flutter with delight,
And paint each future prospect bright,—
Then leave it, wrung by many a care,
The hapless victim of despair?

Ah! now to my sad aching sight
Each morn is drear as gloomiest night;
No rays of comfort now appear
My thorny path of life to cheer:
Alas! no comforts smile on me,
The child of hopeless misery.

Y.

SON-

* SONNET.

I court not fickle Fortune's smile,
I ask not wealth, I ask not pow'r,
Those fleeting pageants of an hour,
Ah! what can they bestow?
Say, can they agonizing grief beguile?—
Give to the faded cheek health's roseate bloom,
Or the disease-sunk eye relume,
Or banish heart-corroding woe?

Ah!

Ah! no— then never shall a sigh
For wealth or pow'r escape my breast:
Of health and peace and innocence possess'd,
To some sequester'd dell's cool shade I'll fly;
Nor ever at my humble lot repine,
But thank kind heav'n that made these blessings mine.

Y.



* TEARS

TEARS OF AFFECTION.

WAK'D are the woodland wild notes sweet,
The dappled morn's approach to greet;
Yet, while they vibrate on my ear,
Down my sad bosom falls the tear:
I view the smiling landscape round,
I hear the torrent's distant sound,
I listen to each song of joy,
I gaze upon the azure sky;

But

But sick'ning Fancy turns away
From ev'ry charm of perfum'd May.

Oh! let me seek the solemn gloom,
That hovers mournful round the tomb,
Where rest a Parent's lov'd remains!—
There will I pour in hopeless strains
The bitter plaints of agony,
That Fate, unpitying, dooms for me.
Complaint may save my fever'd brain
From starting frenzy's ghastly train.
That dreary vault, whose womb contains
A sainted Parent's cold remains,
His holy shade may hover round,
And listen to each plaintive sound,

That

That speaks affection's ceaseless woe;—
May view the streaming tears that flow.

That holy shade perhaps may pour
Calm resignation o'er my breast,*
And bid me wait the blissful hour
When ev'ry tortur'd sense shall rest;
When my glad soul to heav'n shall soar,
And drink of sorrow's cup no more.

Z.

* *On the supposition that our departed friends are permitted to become our Guardian Angels.*

* To SELINA,

Preparing for a Ball.

WHILE sweet SELINA joins the sprightly dance,
Happy as Innocence, and fair as May,—
While each enamour'd youth, with love-fraught glance,
Owns o'er his captive heart her boundless sway;—

While her light bosom, peaceful and serene,
With pleasure glowing, answers to the ſtrain,
As blithe she trips along the velvet green,
With all the loves and graces in her train;—

Shall

Shall I invoke the melancholy muse,
And give to grief the unavailing tear?—
No— of my woes the mem'ry let me lose,
And my belov'd SELINA's pleasures share.

For oft has the dear maid, to soothe my pain,
Resign'd without a sigh what most was dear,—
Forsook the rural pleasures of the plain,
To shed with me the unavailing tear.

And shall not I participate her joy?—
Hence, pining sorrow— vain regrets, depart!
Affection's flame relumes my grief-sunk eye;—
SELINA's smiles shall calm this woe-worn heart.

Y.

* SON-

* SONNET

TO A FRIEND.

SWEET, tender, musing, melancholy maid,
With thee to wander in the lonely shade,
I'll bid the busy scenes of life adieu!
To taste with thee the luxury of woe,
Which souls like thine refin'd alone can know,
And the remembrance of lost joys renew.

Far from the busy world, with thee I'll dwell
In rocky cavern, or in moss-grown cell,
Where the melodious wood-lark warbles wild;—

Where

Where dew-bath'd flow'rs perfume the ambient gale,
Where the fond turtle tells his plaintive tale,
There of each heart-corroding care beguil'd,
We'll pity those who still are doom'd to prove
The world's vain cares, or the keen pangs of love.

Y.

* SONNET.

TILL on that form where all the graces meet,
My careless eyes their casual glances threw,
My breast, estrang'd to all but pleasures sweet,
The throb of tender passion never knew.

Tho' many a youth to gain my hand had strove,
With many a melting tale of love sincere,
Vain were their arts my steady soul to move,
By reason warn'd from Cupid's wiles to steer.

But

But ah! no longer reason is my guide,
No longer is my breast from passion free,
The tyrant love has triumph'd o'er my pride,
And doom'd my heart a prey to misery:
But fortitude shall reason's pow'r supply,
And teach me to subdue that love— or die.

Y.



* A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

SWEET are the poet's soothing dreams,
And gaily smile his air-built schemes;
But when reality appears,
The fairy vision sweet dissolves in tears.

Hope that wou'd gild his future hours,
And strew his path (now mark'd with thorns of woe)
With diamond dew-drops and delicious flow'rs,
Fond hope soon flies,— and that enchanting glow,—

That

That spark of Fancy, which his bosom fir'd,
By disappointment's gloom obscur'd,
No longer seeks to be admir'd,
But shuns th'illusive joys that once allur'd.

The peace, which flies him in each busy scene,
In solitude he vainly hopes to find:—
Virtue alone can give the hour serene,
And with unfading pleasures cheer the mind.

Z.

---

* SOLI-

* *SOLITUDE.*

IN vain does EMMA hope for rest;
For one dear image will intrude,
By all the loves and graces drest,
To banish peace from Solitude.

Where'er I wander, thro' the vale,
O'er hill or 'mong the tall rocks rude,
To catch the sweet refreshing gale,
To soothe my griefs in Solitude;—

That

That matchless form, that noble mein,
That mind with ev'ry charm endu'd,
Steal o'er my senses;— then how vain
To seek repose in Solitude!

Ah! what avails it then to fly,
Still by resistless love pursu'd,
Whose pow'r can reason's strength defy,
And banish peace from Solitude!

O! flatt'ring hope, deceive no more;
I feel my sorrows here renew'd,—
This bleeding heart must still adore,
Nor find repose in Solitude.

Retire-

Retirement is the nurse of woe;
Here the gay dreams of youth intrude:
Delights, we're doom'd no more to know,
We still lament in Solitude.

Then here, a victim to that pow'r,
Ne'er in this breast to be subdu'd,
I'll languish like a blighted flow'r,
And droop and die in Solitude.

Y.

* Occa-

* OCCASIONED BY A BIRD'S NEST BEING DESTROYED, AFTER ITS INHABITANT WAS BECOME QUITE TAME AND FAMILIARISED WITH THE AUTHOR.

POOR bird! thy sorrows shall my heart deplore:
Despoil'd, alas! of all thy pleasing care,
Thy joyous song delights mine ear no more,
As to thy bow'r at ev'ning I repair:

But sad, with drooping wing, I see thee pine
O'er the lov'd spot that all thy bliss contain'd,
And as I view, my bosom swells like thine,
Like thine by agonizing anguish pain'd.

Late

Late I beheld thee form the curious nest,
Thy fond mate sweetly warbling by thy side,—
Then in thy tender young I saw thee blest,
And mark'd the parent's joy, the parent's pride.

But ah! I view thee now of all bereft;—
What callous heart, to pity's throb unknown,
Cou'd prompt the cruel thought, the wanton theft,
That dooms thee thus to pour thy melting moan.

But while I shed the tear for thy distress,
O let this hope thy little bosom cheer;—
Another offspring may thy fondness bless
In some lone spot, secur'd from ev'ry fear.

Y.

* SONNET.

HOPE flies away on glitt'ring wing,
And in my bosom leaves a sting
That blasts my peace:— nor soft repose
This throbbing bosom longer knows.

Where are ye fled, ye blissful hours,
Whose faithless sweets remembrance pours?
Where's now the tide of mantling joy,
That ting'd my cheek,— and bade my eye

Dart

Dart ecstacy?— now pale that cheek,

That eye no more delight can speak;

But downward cast, the trembling tear

Steals from its lid; while grief and fear

Chill my poor bosom's artless glow,

And wake the pangs of speechless woe.



* *SONNET ON ABSENCE.*

THO' thou art far away, my love,
Yet oft in thought with thee I rove;
I view thee by the crystal stream,
Glitt'ring with Cynthia's silv'ry beam;
I range with thee the shadowy dell,
Where sweetly mourns sad Philomel;
Or, wand'ring the dun groves among,
List to thy more enchanting song;—

Hear

Hear all thy tender vows renew'd,
See transport beaming in thine eye,—
The charm dissolves,— my griefs intrude,
And bid the dear delusion fly:
Black melancholy sighs in ev'ry gale,
And ev'ry echo learns my love-lorn tale.

Z.



* To

TO A

GENTLEMAN

GOING TO JOIN THE ARMY

ON THE CONTINENT.

ACCEPT this tributary strain,
Ere yet thou seek'st th'embattled plain,
Thou valiant youth! whom I admire
For gen'rous warmth, for patriot fire,
For ev'ry virtue of the mind,
For sense and sentiment refin'd.

When

When thou art distant,—distant far,
Amid the dreadful scenes of war,
Oh! may bright spirits hover near,
And shield thy breast from ev'ry fear,—
Preserve thee from all dangers free,
And keep thy heart for love and me.

Z.



* O D E.

THE days are past when fortune smil'd,
When love and friendship bless'd my hours,
When fancy ev'ry care beguil'd,
When pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs.

Ah! now all pensive and forlorn
Far from my native plains I rove,
And still I weep at eve and morn
For parted friends and faithless love.

And

And oft my weary steps I bend
To gain the steepy mountain's brow,
And far my aching view extend
Along the varied scenes below,

To find some tree, some glitt'ring spire,
That us'd to meet my roving eye:—
Alas!—how vain the fond desire!
My youth's lov'd scenes no more are nigh.

Yet peace, my bosom—cease to grieve;
For many a blessing still is thine:
Nor can regret lost joys retrieve;—
Then, O! my heart, no more repine.

Yes,

Yes, many a blessing still is thine:
In this kind soil sweet friendship blooms,
And gentle love, sincere, benign,
My faithful HENRY's form assumes.

No sordid int'rest rules his breast,
No vulgar passions taint his mind;
His inmost thoughts dare stand confest,
Of virtue born, by truth refin'd.

Then cease, my bosom, cease to grieve
For youth's illusive pleasures flown;
Grateful, the present good receive,
And make a guileless heart thine own.

Y.

* SON-

* SONNET,

ON THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE

SEVERN.

WELCOME, sweet river, to my view!
Oft shall I mark thy curling wave,
Oft on thy brink my plaint renew,
While I am doom'd the storm to brave,
Whose desolating sweep destroys
Each glitt'ring dream of future joys.

Ah!

Ah! when at eve alone I stray,
And gaze upon thy crystal tide,
Beneath pale vesper's glimm'ring ray,
With melancholy for my guide;
My mournful song thou oft shalt hear,
With sighs thy murmurs I'll repay;
Thy rapid waves with many a tear
Shall mingle, as they glide away.

Z.

THE MOANINGS OF ELLA THE DAUGHTER OF GLENDALWIN.

(At Dolvarwin in Montgomeryshire are some Ruins of an ancient Castle, called— "The Castle of the three Virgins:"— From what circumstance this appellation originated it is now unknown; but the name gave rise to the following Legend, in humble imitation of the Songs of Ossian.)

WHEN the stormy winds of Autumn howl over the summits of the mountains;—when the foaming torrent rushes thro' the cliffs of the broken rocks;—

then

then I love to wander by the pale gleam of the moon thro' the tall woods that overshadow the wave-worn banks of the rapid stream, and soothe the sorrows of my soul with its hoarse murmurs.— Then the shade of my dear, my ever-lamented CADWAL glimmers before my tear-swoln eye.—

O! CAFEN-A-VASTRY, thou hast seen his heroic deeds; the spirit of thy mountains beheld him, when, alone, the dauntless youth storm'd the outposts of the Roman camp, to retrieve the wretched ELLA from the tyrant's power:—he scatter'd terror and dismay thro' their hosts, but overpower'd by numbers, the sword of his mighty ancestors fell from

from his nerveless arm, and the blood of my beloved dyed the long grass of the sighing wood.—

O! CADARIDERUS, father of mountains, oft hast thou seen him outstrip the goats that climb thy craggy sides, when he sought the castle of DOLVARWIN. There the happy, the highly-favour'd ELLA spent the dawn of childhood and the blooming season of youth in the bosom of pleasure.—There the venerable EDITH, paragon of ev'ry maternal virtue, nurtur'd my tender years.— There the dimpled smile of ELFRIDA diffused pleasure around, and the soft blue eyes of CADINA shed their sweet effulgence on the raptur'd beholder.

The

The renown'd GLENDALWIN was no more, but his warlike deeds were glorious in the song of EDITH.

While we listen'd to his battles, the sun sunk unperceived beneath the mountains, and the silver moon-beams play'd on the rifted rocks.— When noble CADWAL saw me, and prais'd the bloom of my features, and tun'd his melodious pipe in the grove, the heart of my parent rejoiced:— she thought she beheld in him the majestic port, the commanding look, and the benevolent smile of the long-lost of her heart:—and she said, "Let Cam-"bria have peace, and my beloved ELLA shall be "CADWAL'S."

Then

Then did the cavern'd rocks echo back the rejoicings of the noble youth; then did the overflowings of affection delight mine ear;—then did the lofty walls of Dolvarwin resound with my praises, and I thought myself the happiest of the daughters of the mountains.

Fleeting and transitory are the joys of mortals; and the black clouds of sorrow still hover round the bowers of festivity.

The blooming ELFRIDA, fearless and light of heart, had join'd the dance of the valley, when the broad orb of day was departing from the horizon, and the shades of the evening were advancing over the

the misty hills. Bounding like a young roe of the forest, she outstripp'd her companions, when a Roman knight, who, with his attendants had penetrated unperceiv'd thro' the surrounding woods, saw the lovely maid, and seeing, was inflam'd with lawless love.— He seiz'd her, as the ravening tygress seizes a lamb of the fold, when her hungry whelps howl for blood: his remorsless slaves bore her shrieking and fainting beyond the reach of her distracted attendants, who pursu'd in vain. They return'd with tidings of woe; and the time-shook turrets of Dolvarwin resounded with lamentations.

In vain did the numerous vassals of the weeping EDITH scour the plains and climb the craggy heights

heights of the mountains in search of the much-lov'd ELFRIDA. The venerable EDITH rov'd mourning along the banks of the rapid river,—the loud thunders roar'd thro' the dark sky, and the red lightnings flash'd around her head;—the rain descended in torrents, and the stream of Sabrina rose foaming above the sedgy banks;—the white waves dash'd against the rocks, and glitter'd with the vivid glare from the bursting clouds:—the pale corps of ELFRIDA was seen on the face of the waters,—the headlong surge bore her to the feet of her distracted parent,—she clasp'd the humid clay to her maternal bosom;—she said—"My child has escap'd from "the tyrant's pow'r"—she kiss'd her cold lips, and sunk into the arms of death.

Dread

Dreadful and dreary were the hours of ELLA and CADINA:—the smile departed from their lips; sleep strew'd his poppies no more around their temples;—their pillow was steeped in tears.—CADWAL, the noble CADWAL, cou'd not comfort the wretched daughters of EDITH;— the sweet smile of ELFRIDA was no more.

As we wander'd, mourning, in the deep gloom of evening, sighing to the winds that rustled thro' the long grass, and bow'd the tops of the dark pines, a prowling band of the invaders seiz'd us, and bore us, almost lifeless, from our once happy groves:— their fleet steeds outstripp'd the wind;— they bore us to the tyrant's tent.—

CAD-

CADWAL mounted his flying courser,— the mountains echo'd to his steps.—Furious as the lioness when robb'd of her young, he attack'd the guards of the ravisher,—he spread death and terror thro' the ranks.

In the tumult we escap'd, and our trembling feet sought the path to the venerable towers of our fore-fathers. The night lower'd around our heads, and our eyes, dimm'd with weeping, cou'd not pervade the thick gloom. The night raven shriek'd dismal— CADINA fainted— the chill hand of death clos'd her balmy lips, and she ceas'd to grieve.— Happy CADINA!— The wretched ELLA alone surviv'd to bewail with unceasing and unavailing sorrow all that was dear to her soul.

WRIT-

WRITTEN ON WALKING IN THE

WOODS OF GREGYNOG

IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF

ARTHUR BLAYNEY, ESQ.

YE sweetly varied scenes, that rise
With pow'r to charm the gloomiest soul,
Ah! had ye bless'd my ravish'd eyes,
Ere my mind bent to care's controul;
When youthful Fancy's vivid glow
Banish'd the family of woe,

Then

Then, cheerful as the linnet's strain,
My song had echo'd o'er the plain.

And sure these hills, these bow'rs and groves,
Where Peace resides, and Virtue roves,
Roves in their owner's form benign,
May bid misfortune cease to pine;
Give calm suspension to each care,
Cheer the dull features of despair,
Bid fancy reassume her reign,
And pleasure gild each smiling plain.

Hail! ye majestic wilds! sweet Cambria, hail!
Music and magic float in ev'ry gale:

The mellow black-bird chants his ev'ning lay,
And the sweet red-breast warbles from the spray;
The pensive stock-dove pours his soothing tale,
And soft responses sigh thro' ev'ry vale:
Corroding grief here sinks to soft repose,
And healing balm the wounded spirit knows.

See the mountains, tow'ring high,
Lift their summits to the sky,
While many a dew-charg'd, fleecy cloud,
Brooding show'rs, their tops enshroud:
Brown and sterile here they frown,—
There their steepy sides adown
Graze the shepherd's bleating care,—
There the flow'ry pasture fair:

Low-

Lower, down their fertile sides
The patient hind his plough-share guides,
Where future harvests waving smile,
And health and plenty crown his toil.

Distant, the tall rock rough and hoar
Nods o'er Sabrina's rapid wave,
Where her shelving sedge-crown'd shore
Invites the blue-ey'd nymph to lave;
While the whisp'ring zephyrs breathe
Thro' the woody dell beneath.

Now the placid orb of night
Sheds o'er the grove her soften'd light,

Gilds

Gilds the smooth lake with silv'ry beam,
And adds new beauties to the stream,
As murm'ring to the breeze it flows,
And sooths all nature to repose.

O! Care, when with thy train I've toil'd all day,
Give me at eve thro' these lov'd haunts to stray,—
Woo peace and contemplation to my breast,
While ev'ry jarring thought is charm'd to rest.

M. D.

1st. JULY 1794.

FINIS





